McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Owner. ROSS K. KNAPP, Editor and Manager TERMS:—$2.00 Per Year.

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ALFRED KLEISATH WOUNDED BY BURSTING SHELL

Monday night, Henry S. Kleisath of Smethport received the following message from the War Department:

Washington D. C., Aug 26,1918

Mr. Henry S. Kleisath,

Smethport, Pa. R. D. No. 1.

Deeply regret to inform you that Alfred Kleisath, Infantry is officially reported as severely wounded in action August 1st. Department has no further information.

Harris Act'g the Adjutant Gen'l.

The family's anxiety was soon relieved, however by receiving the following letter from Alfred in which all details are given:

Co. H. 317, Inf., A. E. F. Aug. 2, 1918

Dear Mother and all:

I haven't very good news to tell you this time. We went into the front line trenches for the first time July 29th. On August 1st a shell burst about ten feet from where I was and a piece of shrapnel went through my left leg a little above the ankle, there are several small cuts on my legs and a large one on my hip, but it is not deep. There were five wounded by the same shell. We are now in a small hospital but expect to be taken to the Base tomorrow. It will probably be a month or six weeks before I will be able to be with my Company again.

I have had lots of callers here even Gen. Cronkhites, but am afraid it will be more lonesome at the Base Hospital.

I haven't had any mail from home except a letter from Bertha dated June 22nd.

We get good care in the hospital so do not worry about me, am sure I will get along O. K.

Write and tell me all the news from home. With love to all,

ALFRED.

Alfred Kleisath left here with the contingent April 4. He is about 22 years of age, and prior to his enlistment helped his father on the farm. He is an industrious young man with a natural talent for mechanics and has made a model soldier. While regretting to hear of his injuries the whole community is thankful that they are not more serious.

DEATH OF JOHN BLOOMBERG.

At 11 o'clock Saturday night, August 24, 1918, occurred the death of John Bloomberg of Smethport at his home on Holmes street. Mr. Bloomberg had been in failing health for two years but had not been confined to his bed until the past few weeks. He was a good citizen and his death is sincerely regretted by the community.

Mr. Bloomberg was born in Sweden, May 24, 1841. On October 27, 1865, he was married to Miss Ingar Ahlen. In 1906, with their three sons, Sanford, Anton and Martin, they came to this place, where they soon became valued residents. Sanford is still a resident of Smethport, but Anton and Martin now reside in Evanston, Ill.

Mr. Bloomberg was a good, industrious man and had been a faithful member of the Swedish Mission church during the time he resided in Smethport.

After the reading of bible quotations at the house, Tuesday afternoon, the funeral was held at the Swedish Mission church, the Rev. J. E. Hallmertz of DuBois, a former pastor of the church here, delivered the funeral sermon, which was listened to by a large gathering of mourning friends. The floral tributes were profuse and beautiful. Burial was in Rose Hill cemetery.

FIVE MEN LEAVE TO-MORROW.

The following five men have been called for limited service and will report at Smethport, to-morrow, August 30, at 8 a. m., and will entrain at 9:05 a. m., for Camp Green, North Carolina. The best wishes of the district go with them:

Harry Edwin Gustafson Kane,
Robert Alex Elmer Anderson, Ludlow
Hans Christ Johnson, Mt. Jewett,
Harry Siegfred Petersen, Kane
James J. Callahan, Mt. Alton

Mrs. B. T. Garlick and son, Edward are spending the week at Stow on Chautauqua Lake, with Mrs. T. W. Camp and Mrs. M. M. Pomeroy.

FOR SALE

Two Ford cars in good condition. Inquire of B. P. Oviatt, Smethport, Pa.

DEATH OF MARGARET A. KNAPP.

At the home of her daughter, Mrs. Ivah E. Lewis in Rochester, N. Y., August 21, at 7 o'clock, p. m., occurred the death of Margaret Agnes Knapp, for many years a highly esteemed resident of Smethport. For the past two months her health has been poorly but the final ending came with shocking suddenness. Since the death of her husband, the late Byron L. Knapp, Esq., which occurred March 23, 1908, Mrs. Knapp made her home for the most part with her daughters and son. She came to Smethport, January 1, 1915, with her son, Ross K. Knapp and family, when they moved here from Richford, N. Y., and remained here until March 1, when she went to Rochester and resided with her daughters until the end came.

Mrs. Knapp numbered her friends by the score, she was of the kind that by her beautiful personality retained friends. She was very nearly an ideal wife and mother lavishing on her family the tenderest love and care and ever ready to sacrifice herself for their welfare. The children and grandchildren have sustained a great loss and have the sympathy of the community.

In years gone by Mrs. Knapp was quite prominent in social affairs of the town. She was a member of the Protected Home Circle and Travelers Club, and as her husband and two sons were members of the Smethport Hose Company and Smethport Band, her services were always at the disposal of these organizations. For many years she was called "the Mother of the Band" by members of that organization. In the lodge and club of which she was a member her papers and addresses upon various subjects have received much merited commendation. In May, 1916 Mr. and Mrs. Knapp celebrated their golden wedding. A good and useful woman has gone to her reward.

She was born in Boston, Mass., December 15, 1839. In May, 1856, she was married to Byron L. Knapp, and resided for some years in Boston and at Rumford Falls, Maine. Mr. and Mrs Knapp with their three elder children, Ivah, Harry, and Lee, came to McKean county with a party of Maine people who were seeking new homes in the lumber and farming regions of Pennsylvania, then in an early stage of development. They first settled at what was then called Spearsburg, a hamlet near the site of the present town of Crosby, but eventually located in Smethport. Three children were born after their removal to this vicinity, Sadie G., who grew to womanhood and became the wife of E. J. Brasted of Kane; she died about twenty years ago; Ray, a son died at the age of 4 years in 1875; and Ross K., now a resident of Smethport. Harry Knapp died in June, 1909, so of the children, Mrs. Ivah E. Lewis, Mrs. Lee A. Gibson of Rochester, and Ross K. Knapp of Smethport survive. Seven grandchildren are left namely: Herbert K. Lewis of Bath, N. Y., Mrs. Faye Hanley of Buffalo, N. Y., Miss Marguerite Knapp of Franklinville, N. Y., Miss Varda Brasted and Miss Sadie Brasted of El Paso, Texas., Vivian and Kenneth Knapp of Smethport. Two great-grandchildren, Francis Hanley of Buffalo and Richard Lewis of Bath, N. Y., also survive.

The remains were brought to Smethport Friday and funeral held at St. Luke's church, the Rev. E. H. Edson officiating. The remains were laid at rest in Rose Hill cemetery beside her husband and those of her children who have gone on before.

SIXTY-FOUR MEN FROM THIS COUNTY.

For the draft period beginning September 3, McKean county will be obliged to furnish 64 men. Of this number, the first district will sent 22 men to Camp Greenleaf, and eight men to Camp Dix, while the second district of the county must send 34 men to Camp Greenleaf.

The state draft headquarters made public Saturday the quotas assigned to each draft board, with the result that McKean county will send 56 men to Camp Greenleaf.

The entire call is for 14,000 men, divided as follows: Camp Dix, 3200; Camp Meade, 1500; Camp Sherman, 719, and Camp Greenleaf, 8000. All the 56 men from McKean county will be sent to Camp Greenleaf, located at Lytle, Ga.

The 86 men to be sent to Camp Dix will be for special or limited service.

Mrs. J. E. Walker has returned from a few days visit with Mrs. T. W. Camp and Mrs. M. M. Pomeroy at their cottage at Stow on Chautauqua Lake.

HOME GUARD OF BETULA UNFURL FLAG

Monday night the Smethport Home Guard, and a number of Smethport citizens went to Betula and participated in the exercises of the unfurling of a flag by the Betula Home Guard. The exercises were held in the open air and consisted of drills by the Home Guards, speeches and music. Dr. Cummings was chairman of the meeting and after an opening prayer by Mr. Pearson, introduced Prof. Smith of the Betula school and Rev. Arthur Gregson of Smethport, who made patriotic addresses that were greatly appreciated by the large crowd in attendance. Capt. P. S. Crossman of the Smethport Home Guard unfurled the flag. The occasion was an inspiringly patriotic one and reflects great credit upon the citizens of Betula. The Betula Home Guard has been organized about two weeks and has upwards of twenty-five members. In spite of the inroads constantly being made by the draft, the membership is being kept up and the guardsmen take great interest in their work. Good for Betula.

Music was furnished at Betula by a portion of the Smethport Allied Band.

DEATH OF MRS. M. S. COMES.

Monday the sad news became known that Mrs. M. S. Comes had died that morning in the Olean hospital, following an operation for goiter. The remains were brought here that day and taken to the family home on Marvin creek. Mrs. Comes was a loyal and devoted mother, a capable woman and one who numbered her friends by the score. Her death is mourned by the entire community.

Flora M. Wright was born in Keating township, September 20, 1857, and had spent her entire life in this vicinity. She was beloved by her children and highly esteemed by her neighbors. Besides her husband, M. S. Comes, she is survived by four sons and a daughter: Guy P., of Olean, N. Y., Marvin S., Delano W., David D. and Mrs. C. E. Walker of Smethport and vicinity. She is also survived by two sons by a former marriage, Fred Ripley of Erie and Frank Ripley of Smethport. She also leaves to mourn her loss, two sisters and one brother: Mrs. Frank Ormsby, Mrs. Geo. Anderson and Henry Wright, all of whom live in this vicinity.

The funeral will be held this (Thursday) afternoon at 2 o'clock at the house, the Rev. E. H. Edson officiating. Burial will be in Rose Hill cemetery.

LITTLE GIRL INJURED.

Joyce Wirt, five, daughter of Mr and Mrs. J. C. Wirt of Dalton near Portage Falls, was run over by an automobile on Union street, in front of the Miller hardware store, at 1:10 o'clock this afternoon. One leg was fractured and she was badly bruised.

Keath P. Pratt, of East Smethport, driver of the machine, stopped, and took the little girl to the Clinic. He then reported the matter to the police, who will detain him until some disposition is made of the case this afternoon.

According to witnesses, Pratt is blameless. The little Wirt girl, it is said, was playing with another little girl on the sidewalk and darted out onto the pavement. She came from behind a car standing at the curb and dashed in front of the Smethport machine.

She was struck and knocked down, and one wheel passed over the left leg, fracturing it above the knee. She was badly bruised about the body.

Pratt was traveling at a slow rate of speed, witnesses say, and stopped his car while it was over the girl. She was picked up and hurried to the Clinic.

The little Wirt girl, with relatives, was spending the day in the city. She had been visiting in Smethport, Pa.—Olean Times Friday.

Later—Mr. Pratt was excused from all blame in connection with the accident. The child is getting along nicely. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wirt are former residents of Smethport.

NOTICE.

Beginning Sept. 1, 1918, all work will be strictly cash. No deliveries left without the money. Smethport Steam Laundry. J. J. Johnston, Prop. adv35w2.

BIG EVENTS OF THE FAIR.

Friday, September 6th, the last day to make entries.

Sales of Season Tickets close September 9th.

One of the big attractions is the Skating Bear.

The Eldred Band will furnish music.

Running, trotting and motorcycle races every day.

Another big free act is the Dancing Dan. Something different.

The Penna. State College will have seven sheep on exhibit.

The Red Cross will serve meals in the big tent behind the Grandstand.

The Farm Bureau tent will be a place of interest to the farmer and his wife.

The Tractor Plowing Demonstration is one of the events on Thursday.

On Friday September the 13th all Premiums will be paid in Thrift Stamps.

Allie Johnson, "The Human Monkey" plays in front of the Grandstand every day.

The Ferris Wheel, Merry-go-round, freaks, shows, hot dogs, etc., will be found on the Midway.

Three meals without wheat products. This will be shown at the Home Economy Exhibit prepared by State College.

The boys and girls will have their exhibits in the Juvenile, Pig Club, Potato Club and Corn Club departments.

The U. S. Food Administration offers official certificates and badges for the best canning and war baking.

The railroads under Uncle Sam's management offers reduced rates to the McKean County Fair, Sept. 10, 11, 12 and 13.

The second Live Stock Judging Contest will be held on Wednesday, Sept. 11. The first prize is a Holstein calf given by Holmes and Gilfillan, Smethport.

LETTER FROM HERBERT SMITH.

Some months ago the MINER published a long article concerning Herbert Smith, the Crosby lad who has crowded so many experiences into his short life. Our readers will undoubtedly be glad to hear from him again, so a portion of a letter recently received by his mother, Mrs. M. Doubles of Crosby is published:

France, July 29, 1918

My Dear Mother:—I was very glad to get your letter and am glad you are well. As you will see by my new address I am not in the infantry any more, as I am not fit for the trenches any more. You know I have been gassed and it makes me very sick at times. I am in the military police; the hours are long and the work is hard, but I find time to go to a school nights where I am learning the French language and making good progress. When the war is over I am coming back to France at least long enough to go over the ground I have fought over.

I often wonder why I have been spared with men shot down beside me and in front of me. I have been wounded four times and each wound could have caused my death if it had been a little deeper. It makes me feel like an outcast now to see the other boys going up to the trenches. I would be glad to be on the front lines again—but they wont let me.

Four years ago August 4, the British declared war on Germany, and four year ago the 9th of August I entered the service, but didn't then expect to go through four years of cold-blooded murder as much of this war amounts to.

I would like to be a Christian, but some way it is not in my heart to be one. You tell me to love those who say all manner of things against me; that would be the same as when a person slaps you of turning the other cheek. I cannot feel that way; if a man hits me he don't get a chance to hit the other side. I simply lift him one with my right and if it lands good he has quite a while to dream about it. I am glad you pray for me as I have not the heart to pray for myself.

Tell my sister, Florence to write and write soon yourself. Good bye for this time, with much love, your son,

Prive A. J. Smith.
Co. A, 116 Train Military Police,
A. Po. 127, American E. F., France.

TAXPAYERS.

of Keating Township, this week is the last chance you have to save 5% on your State, County and Poor taxes. H. J. Rice, Col. adv34w2.

George and Leon Cole of Williamsport, Pa., are guests of their aunt, Mrs. Henry Butler.

Advertise in the MINER.

SMETHPORT ON AERIAL MAIL ROUTE?

Tuesday a man who said he was G. L. Conner, chief clerk to the second assistant postmaster general at Washington, D. C., was in town in consultation with several Smethport citizens, regarding the landing place for an aeroplane to be used in the trial trip of a proposed aerial route between New York and Chicago. According to Mr. Conner's story the trial trip will be made sometime during the second week in September, with a Curtiss machine driven by a Liberty motor, carrying pilot, driver and machinist, and 300 pounds of mail. The man also said that after the route was established the machines would carry two men and 600 pounds of mail.

Among those interested in Mr. Conner's story were Warley Gifford, C. M. Colegrove, J. C. Backus and H. J. Rice, who showed Mr. Conner likely spots about the vicinity where an aeroplane might safely land and the gentleman finally took two locations under advisement. One is on E. D. Comes farm, on the Potato creek road, near Smethport, and the other on the Driscoll farm at the mouth of Open Brook.

Secretary Rice of the Fair Association is particularly interested in the matter as accordin to Mr. Conner's story the trial flight will be made during fair week, September 10-13, and Mr. Rice was quick to see the added interest this flight would give to Smethport on this occasion, and he has been assured by Mr. Conner that the flight will occur as planned unless something very unexpected should couse a postponement.

Later reports say that the landing field on E. D. Comes farm has been chosen and a telegram stating that it has been engaged sent to Mr. Conner at Washington.

ALBERT GALE KILLED BY A TRAIN.

The fatality at Olean mention of which was made in last week's MINER as occurring Wednesday night claimed as its victim, Albert Gale, a former resident of Coryville, aged 61 years.

For a time the belief prevailed that the dead man was Lewis Tanner, as a letter to that address and the laundry mark on the man's linen made that supposition reasonable. Lewis G. Tanner of Kane called at the MINER office, Thursday and brought the information that the unfortunate victim of the accident was his father-in-law, Albert Gale, who had been making his home with Mr. Tanner at Kane for some time past and whose laundry mark was similar to Mr. Tanner's. On Wednesday of last week Mr. Gale went to Bradford and from that place to Olean, where he purchased a ticket for Paulsboro, N. J., where his son John Gale and daughter, Mrs. R. E. Raymer, reside. After purchasing his ticket in conformity with a long established habit he walked to and fro on the railroad track while waiting for his train, and it was while thus engaged that he was struck by train near First street and instantly killed. His neck was broken, one arm was cut off and he was otherwise injured. The body was taken to F. J. Babcock's undertaking rooms and prepared for burial. The identification came at the coroner's inquest when the remains were recognized by relatives.

Mr. Gale was a well liked man and has many friends who sincerely regret his death. The funeral was held Sunday at the Coryville church and was largely attended. The remains were buried in Rose Hill cemetery, Smethport.

He is survived by his mother, Mrs. Gale of Coryville; one son, John Gale, of Paulsboro, N. J., and one step-son Frank Gale of Galesburg, Ill.; Two daughters Mrs. Alice Raymer of Paulsboro, N. J., and Mrs. Lylian Tanner of Kane; one sister Mrs. Anna Campbell of Hottelville, Pa. and three brothers, Adelbert Gale of Coryville, John Gale of Olean and William Gale of Elmira, N. Y.

SIXTEEN MEN LEAVE FOR CAMP LEE.

Sixteen men called in the draft from the second district of McKean county entrain this morning at 9 o'clock for Camp Lee, Virginia.

After fitting exercises, which included a stirring speech by Guy B. Mayo, the men were escorted to the train at the Mechanic street station by the Smethport Allied Band and the Home Guard.

Bernard A. Ball was the only Smethport man to depart this morning, but there were several in the contingent from this vicinity.

"GOTTA STOP KICKING US 'ROUND."

The small newspapers of the land seem to have been picked as an especial target by the so-called economy experts of the government. Perhaps it is because the little paper does not possess the power of "come back" enjoyed by its big brothers the metropolitan dailies. While other lines of endeavor can double their plants and gain riches during these strenuous times of war, the country publisher is forbidden to use any of the usual means to increase his business; the practice of increasing circulation and advertising patronage is discouraged; he cannot trust his best friend for a year's subscription to his paper; as a matter of fact the extending of credit is taken entirely out of his hands. All this so-called conservation is said to be due to a shotage of news print paper.

One editor says "We have a right to censure the waste at Washington, and it is true that if the dailies cut down they can make greater savings in a single week than all the weeklies in the land, as they are devoting pages to comic supplements, sporting pages and story supplements that can easily be dispensed with, while the powers at Washington could restore hundreds of persons to useful occupations and save tons and tons of paper by cutting down the carloads of publicity material they are sending out to fill the waste baskets of America. Morereal publicity would be secured if there was a boiling down of the material sent out and getting together of the various departments, avoiding duplications. The many publicity agents seem to be under the impression that the average country newspaper man does not have anything to do but go through the matter sent out from their respective departments, not realizing that every other department has the same impression, with the result that the publisher has to take a market basket to carry his mail from the postoffice, and spend time that ought to be consumed in looking after other patriotic calls which are made upon him.

"The country publishers have made sacrifices far beyond the imagination of those in authority at Washington. Neither has their work been appreciated, and I know what I am talking about; but that is neither here nor there. The newspaper men of America must not rock the boat. They must stand firm until the war is won. They must continue to give their time, their space, and of their money if they have any, to support the boys in the trenches. After that the boys will come home and the country publishers will get a square deal, the sort of treatment that has been handed to their bretheren across the border in Canada."

FRISBEE-DICK WEDDING

In Smethport, Saturday morning at 10 o'clock occurred the marriage of Miss Mary V. Dick of State College and Mr. Harold Frisbee of the U. S. Aviation Service, now stationed at a training camp near St. Louis, Missouri. Miss Dick is a well known demonstrator of home economics connected with Farm Bureau work, who has addressed many audiences in this vicinity and given instructive demonstrations along the lines in which she is an expert. Mr. Frisbee is rapidly perfecting himself as an aviator and is of the type of young American of which the country is so justly proud at this time. He was sent to Port Allegany with the escort to the remains of Hildig Johnson, the young aviator who met a tragic fate last week when his machine caught fire in the air, and Mr. Johnson fell 3000 feet to his death. Miss Dick met Mr. Frisbee in Port Allegany after his sad mission had been accomplished and they came to Smethport where the marriage ceremony was performed. Mr. and Mrs. Frisbee will reside in St. Louis until Mr. Frisbee is ordered overseas. Mrs. Frisbee has a leave of absence until that time, when it is hoped she will again take up her work in this part of the state. Both Mr. and Mrs. Frisbee are natives of Lincoln, Neb., and have many friends in their home town. The Farm Bureau regrets losing Mrs. Frisbee's service for even a brief time, but nevertheless extends best wishs to her for a life of happiness.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Summer Heat

By LINCOLN ROTHBLUM

(Copyright 1913, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Mrs. Potter was one of those women commonly called a natural born matchmaker To her credit within the past sixteen years of her widowhood there were some eight couples more or less happily married The romance of youth was just so much vital food to her existence and evidently she throve upon the diet for large rolls of needless fat hung upon her spacious sides while the drooping double chin cavorted cheek by jowl with the ample bosom below But true to the saw chunky Mrs Potter was good natured and strange as it may seem, thoroughly understood young men and women especially at spring time when it is said their fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love

It was Clara Mrs Potter's pretty niece who crowned that lady's reputation as Cupid's assistant Even Miss Bertha Sprinter who had a few years before given up all matrimonial intentions was compelled to admit that in Clara's engagement to Hal Doran Mrs Potter had found another Miss Sprinter it must be understood here the conductor of this digest motto marriage bureau little cared will since the occasion on which she had been refused assistance in securing as Mrs Potter afterwards feebly put it anything in a pair of trousers Unfortunately Miss Sprinter did not know at the time that Mrs Potter based her operations on the principle that to accomplish anything one must have fair material to work with And the spinster herself knew she was far from being "fair material

Well my dear niece Mrs Potter was saying this perfect May afternoon as she rocked her hundred and ninety pounds to the measured lilting song of the rocker it certainly is gratifying to read the announcement of your engagement to Hal in this morning's paper You'll make the prettiest June couple this town has ever seen

"That's just what displeases me respected Uncle girl as he twirled her parasol on the rug to her aunt's vexation no one seems to question whether Hal and I are suited to one another they all say he's a mighty handsome fellow and I'm a tidy looking girl and we both have money—it's a mighty fine match for both of folks are saying Because Clara is a little beauty and I'm not a physical wreck people take it for granted we're suited."

Mrs Potter fanned herself vigorously as the familiar words smote her ear she felt the same answer would suffice.

"Tut tut Hal don't talk like that Clara's a mighty fine girl even if I say so who should not And you'll get long well enough Find her and take a walk"

An Indeed it would be a most critical judge who could not but praise Mrs Potter's ingenuity in bringing this man and maid together Perhaps it was because they were both conscious of the many glances directed at them that they could never afterwards tell just how and when the automobile knocked them down and before either regained consciousness they were whisked into an ambulance driven to the nearest hospital, and awoke to find themselves nightgowned and pajamaed respectively Hal's broken arms put him to bed with irksome splints while Clara lay white and weak with a displaced rib

It was well along the tenth day before either became sufficiently conscious that something else than pain existed in their spotless rooms For Hal's attention was diverted from an effort to stretch his legs beyond the confines of the bed to Nurse Stewart, just entering the room He made a blushing quick inventory

Eyes freckled Hair carrot cut short Lashes tried red hair no figure Irresistible—not much

Later Hal said this white-gowned creature

Hal flopped his head over So wonderful a vision did not belong to such features And he had never dreamed hands could be so gentle as his splints were adjusted with as little pain and the food placed within his mouth without nausea And how she could smile!

Nor was Clara less puzzled over the law of consistency as her eyes wandered from the corner where the icebag of Hal Doran's head rested to the capably efficient figure of Doctor Blount so professionally attentive with his kindly eyes and white hair

Some two months later Mrs Potter sporting in her rocker greeted her niece and Hal Doran effusively as she met their arms linked together

It was a terrible accident she remarked but we are all so thankful for and it's a pleasure to welcome a June bride but we'll arrange for an August wedding

Make that plural auntie laughed the girl

Mrs Potter looked up puzzled What do you mean plural Clara

Clara poked Hal's elbow into Hal who stood blushing the toe of his shoe into the rug like a bad boy up for punishment You tell her she urged —

Hal hemmed and hawed Clara I've come to—to confess, he managed to get out at length

Why of course interrupted the aunt ironically suspicious Mrs Potter But what's funny about that?

Nothing Hal smiled as Clara fell into a paroxysm of uncontrollable giggles But we're not going to marry each other

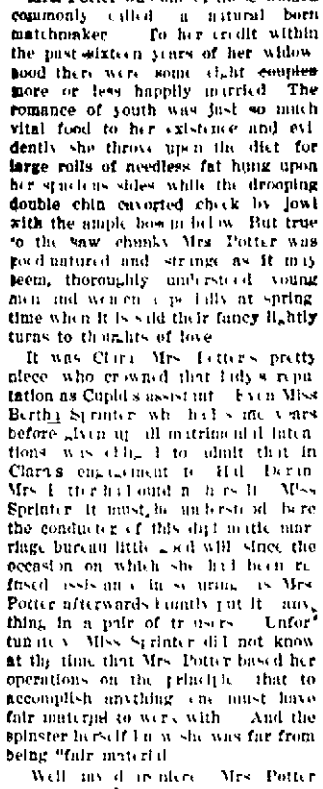
Mrs Potter did make a valiant effort to recall her lemonade but dismally failed as her arm sank limply to her side The weight of her chin seemed too great to sustain the shock and her lower jaw dropped far enough to permit her tongue to emerge with ease Valiant administrations revived her

Then who is it? she gasped

I shall marry Doctor Blount" chirped Clara

And I shall marry Nurse Stewart echoed Hal

Mrs Potter blinked and swallowed hard "Bless you my children she said and sank exhausted in her chair



A Natural Born Matchmaker

as. And Clara flopped herself down on the rug, knees cocked up with dire results to the flimsy summer dress of white voile with its tier upon tier of lacy ruffles

"Tut tut girl I don't like to hear you talk that way Hal Doran is a pretty fine man and comes from a good family You'll get along well enough and I can just picture how gorgeous you'll look stepping to the tune of Mendelssohn"

Their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of six foot two of wonderful manhood cheeks and eyes glowing with health topped by waves of jet black hair

Hello Hal was the simultaneous greeting of the two women much more cordially expressed by Mrs Potter, Clara received her sweetheart's kiss in silence and left the room

"What's the matter with Princess Pretty? he asked in his mellow voice; 'out of humor'

'Not at all Mrs Potter nervously replied, anxious for the successful denouement of her machinations 'It's just the summer heat"

Summer heat was one of Mrs Potter's favorite reasons for any indisposition With the first peep of a blade of grass above the ground still hard from the winter's snow, she began to mix the great quantities of iced lemonade

'Just the summer heat' she repeated mechanically and I suppose, she added by way of introducing the subject uppermost in her mind a little sermons about your approaching wedding My, but you'll make a handsome couple!"

The man sat down and stretched his long legs to their full length 'Yes,' he drawled, that's just what most

Bunyan's Great Work.

Aside from the holy books of the world no religious book has had more influence than John Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress and it is perhaps the only book in the world about which after a lapse of a hundred years, the educated minority has come over to the opinion of the common people Pilgrim's Progress stole silently in to the world and it is probable that in the first months of its publication the little volume circulated only among the poor and obscure But it slowly and steadily rose to fame and is now considered one of the epoch making books in religious history

Serpent Creature of Mystery

Hardly less deadly than the cobra is the American rattlesnake The Moki Indians utilize it in their religious ceremonials In the snake dance it figures most conspicuously, the chief performers carrying rattlesnakes in their mouths

How they manage to avoid being bitten is a mystery It is a magical performance. The gods protect the Moki priests engaged in it

Mystery That is the essential quality of the serpent Hiding and gliding about unseen it suggests to the human imagination an intimate connection with the supernatural

Cruelty to Corns

Cholly—Mother thinks I have a natural gift for dancing doncha know

Miss Kawstick—Yes as a toe dancer you are a wonder

Its Nature

My face is my fortune sir"

"Sorry to hear it madam for your investment has some very bad features."

The Measles Man

By O. HENRY

(Copyright 1913 by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Nancy Barton was the most popular girl in Millville Every one acknowledged the fact It is no wonder said Lucy West rather enviously it must be admitted to Arthur Abbot as they walked down the street together It's not Nancy herself—it's her mother—she's so full of spirit and entertaining Every time there's a skating party or a theater party or a Red Cross meeting Mrs Barton's sure to say Now you young folks all come back to our house when it's over and we'll have a sociable cup of tea And then she always takes the crowd up to their summer place for week ends Why the only way the boys can get a chill gathered is by squelching Nancy around You never hear or see anything of her father Her mother's the whole family"

"There she goes now exclaimed Arthur excitedly with Phil Desmond in his roadster I guess he likes her pretty well but he could never take her from Nancy in the style she's been used to on his clerk's salary Anyway she thrilled us all right last night I don't believe anything will come of it—not for some time anyway But Nancy certainly is a lucky girl and she looked calm at the trim little car that was just disappearing up the road

It was certainly one of a time after another as even Nancy herself

"I Guess He Likes Her Pretty Well"

laughingly acknowledged but sometimes she had to admit that she even got a little tired of the continuous round of pleasure and longed for a quiet evening at home with a good book or even a pleasant chat with just one friend at a time

I really hardly have a chance to get acquainted with some of my friends" said Nancy to herself when Phil Desmond had brought the little car to her door and gone back to his desk at the bank 'Mother always manages to have such a crowd around the house all the time or else I'm just coming home to get ready to go somewhere else Now Phil Desmond—but there I know I'm an ungrateful wretch—mother just does all this to make things pleasant for me and this is how I appreciate it"

And Nancy went upstairs to pack her trunk, for she was leaving that evening for the home of one of her school friends to be maid of honor at her wedding

"I almost hate to go she told her mother when she was all ready especially since Beth and the twins are coming tomorrow I'd just love to see those darling babies' — — —

Well dear, said Mrs Barton "we'll try and keep them till you come back and if we can't, why you can arrange to pay Beth and John a little visit later on"

Beth was Nancy's older sister who had married John Orth about five years before, and insisted on living in a very tiny house in a very unfashionable suburb because, as she very frankly put it we can't afford to be fashionable John's only a salaried man—and now with Billy and Bab to plan for—" and she shrugged her shoulders expressively

But she seems mighty contented, just the same" was Nancy's opinion the last time she had seen Beth and her twins I'd like just that sort of life—even to having two— but there Nancy had flushed guiltily and looked about to see if anyone perchance could have overheard her unspoken thought

So Nancy was packed off amid kisses and bundles piled with flowers and the back of her visit she was busier than ever getting her friend safely married off.

And then she came home devoutly wishing that she need not accept another invitation for a month and all of a sudden she found that she had no home

For her father had the measles—and the house was quarantined It was quite the most spectacular thing that Amos Barton had done in his very meek and uneventful life Absolutely ruled over by his stronger minded and very clever wife he had up to now merely furnished the background in the shape of funds to keep up the Barton reputation for hospitality

But to go home was of course out of the question for Nancy John Orth met her at the train and told her so at the same time handing her no less than a dozen invitations from her various friends to come and stay with them during her father's illness Beth and the twins barely got off in time" he explained and your mother and a nurse are there to take care of him

Nancy stood on the station platform for a moment in indecision Just then Phil Desmond rode by on his way back from lunch Orth hailed him and the little roadster turned its gray nose in their direction

In a moment Nancy's mind was made up 'John I'm going home with you' she said quickly I'm going to stay with Beth and the twins—and help keep them

That night as John Orth burst into the sitting room of his cottage he was very much surprised to find the little parlor occupied by not only Beth but Nancy and Phil Desmond as well The latter was just explaining that he had come to see if he could be of any assistance to the ladies in their present predicament

I'm just carrying Nancy off to my place Phil explained You know there's no room for her here so she can't go home You must come out with me for dinner tonight and see Beth and the twins—and—I'm— with a twinkle in his eye we'll make Nancy get the dinner Eh Nan?

Nancy nodded delightfully and echoed Phil's invitation

He Orth insisted in spite of protests that they were to stay and help Mary with the housework and the children Beth with the chilly twins It was very late when Phil finally started to go in front of the door and Nancy and Phil walked and rode and Nancy and Phil Desmond have together the rush through the country roads We really got quite acquainted Nancy told Phil of her sister when she returned from one of her walks The 'measles man' was better but still Nancy shuddered as if the Orth home

May I come again Sunday Nancy? asked Phil Desmond as he was taking his leave one evening You see I don't know how many more Sundays I shall be here'

Yes do come' said the girl It's Mary's day out and I'll get that supper that I promised you that day at the station and she waved to him gayly as he rode away

Sunday came and it was a merry quartette that sat down to the evening meal in the Orth household Nancy waited on the table and Phil Desmond contrived to take hold of her hand every time she passed anything to him But Nancy demure but with eyes shining seemed never to notice

Then she taught the two men to wipe the dishes although John Orth declared that he had 'served his apprenticeship long ago so he and Beth would retire so that Phil might have a few private lessons "And very much to Nancy's discomfiture they did so

I think you should have a clean towel' she said to Phil when she found herself alone with him You ought to know that much yourself trying to be severe to cover her embarrassment And she shook out a fresh towel with unnecessary force and held it out to him

Phil Desmond took the towel and the two little hands that held it and clasped them firmly in his Nancy" he said you know I love you dear," tilting her head until he compelled her eyes to meet his 'You've known that for a long time little girl but I hardly dared ask you before—you seemed so different in your own home But I've wanted you so much Nancy Won't you cook my dinners for me always?

'Well said' Nancy blushing rosy red under his gaze if you'll promise to wipe the dishes for me always perhaps I may consider it"

And although he did not promise in so many words somehow his answer completely satisfied her

'Do you know' said Nancy some hours later when the four of them were talking it over, 'I know it sounds like a dreadful thing to say, but since it has all turned out so well I think that Phil and I will always owe a debt of gratitude to Beth for being the measles man' just as she right time"

Food Value of Pineapple

Pineapple is wonderfully adaptable in combining with other foods and is highly recommended by physicians for throat trouble Many have even found it very helpful in stomach trouble

In fact the adaptability of the pineapple as a food is equal to its delicious flavor Pineapple may be served as a dessert or salad by itself or combined with other fruits will add zest to any fruit salad Pineapple fritters are fast becoming popular The crushed or grated pineapple sold under the same retail name as the best canned whole slices is used in making pineapple ice cream and sundaes and is the thing for cakes and pies Pineapple pie is a great favorite

But its when we segregate the sliced pineapple for most satisfactory in fruit cocktails and in salads

Her First School

By LOUISE HOFFMAN

(Copyright 1913 by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Malda Gilligan had passed her finals with flying colors and was a full fledged teacher This morning's mail had brought her appointment to the little district school in Swamp Mills and she was to begin work at once

What a dismal name she observed as she chipped an egg, and it sounds so lonely

Perhaps the name is the worst part of it, suggested her mother hopefully Your pupils may prove so interesting you will forget the unpleasant impression it made upon you at first

I hope so replied Malda doubtfully but I suppose I must get my experience somewhere even at the expense of isolation

'Well drive down Saturday and see that you have a comfortable boarding place, encouraged her father She received him with a grateful hug

Swamp Mills was aptly named from a distance Up and down it was a full hour's drive through a path that was hardly more than a trail to the mills which explained why Malda's predecessor had left in such a hurry

Malda Gilligan was fortunate in finding a home very near the school house

On the following Monday she dressed carefully in a modest suit of dark blue serge So much depended upon her appearance She was not a typical teacher and knew it well She was full and slender with a wealth of fluffy golden hair and carried herself with dignity

The children ranged in ages from four to fourteen and represented the whole eight grades It was considered a hard school but Malda approached her work with enthusiasm and a strong determination to conquer Her manner with the children was full of frankness and kindness and the children realized that a quiet firmness lay in those dark blue eyes At the end of the first day she felt she had won their hearts and with co-operation she felt assured of the result

One day at recess she was startled to hear one of the oldest boys announced in awed tones "Here comes Thatcher Ward all togged up to beat the band But he's comin to visit Said maybe he'd come to school too'

Malda divined from the tone and manner of the boy that an older ruffian was coming to try to stir up mischief

'Who is Thatcher Ward? she asked quietly, as glancing through the window she saw a tall well built young man dressed like a woodsman swinging along with athletic strides

Why he ain't been round here long, but he works in the mill and boards to Miss Hurley's' replied little Mary Kelly

It was time to call school Malda went to the door and rang the bell She made an entrancing picture with the breezes blowing the curls that encircled her head into her face The children lined up and marched in quietly while Thatcher Ward came up and introduced himself

"I Ain't Had Much Schoolin'"

They tell me they ain't never had no teacher that could make them hum such scrumptious march in without a rumpus,' observed Thatcher in a rich full voice, revealing a glittering set of white teeth "An they say you ain't licked one of 'em yet' he beamed

Oh no, we don't use corporal punishment only as a last resort," mechanically replied Malda scarcely knowing what she said Her Apollo had fallen If only he hadn't opened his mouth! Evidently he was the result of the limitations of his community Malda was in a whirl of conflicting impressions concerning her visitor After dismissing the children Thatcher Ward lingered

'I ain't had much schoolin he began a trifle awkwardly looking into Malda's eyes

His speech betrays the fact though Malda but his manner is so strongly inconsistent

But I've been to see the trustee, he went on with sass if you're willin' I can come to your school I seen things I liked pretty much well here this afternoon."

Malda's little heart almost stopped beating Perhaps he was sincere after all and had no idea of making trouble. She knew it was not unusual for young men, in these backwoods districts, to spend a few weeks in school when they were fortunate enough to secure a good teacher Such a course would be accepted by the community as complimentary to her ability but what would she do with a mass head and shoulders taller than herself? She looked at him sharply He had a pair of very intelligent black eyes But she vaguely wondered if he were sane Apparently he took her silence for consent.

I work over to the mill he explained and they tell me you're good at figures Now if I could git you to help me some with book keepin I could do a good deal better where I am and he confessed half shyly "I want ter git on in the world.

When do you wish to begin your studies

"Tomorrow" he answered promptly I can git off from two to four

He tipped his hat and swung off down the road I wonder mused Malda where he learned to walk like that?

The children seemed to take the presence of Thatcher Ward in the schoolroom as a matter of course. They felt an air of respect for a teacher who could teach on Saturdays and discipline strictly too

Thatcher's English after weeks of textbook exercises proved Malda's positive ear She finally lit upon the fact which explained to the fact with his native drawl

From that day Thatcher improved very rapidly Malda wondered if her it was due to her skill or the love keen instinct to learn He was remarkably bright and seemed to grasp so much in so short a time

I would the girls of school Malda visited the mill She stared awed and silent at the great logs overturned by saws, saw straws into the tenth like fine as silver but quick the dustiest most frail china and glass

Mother what a machine she heard Hal's voice Please may I have it Then in this I trust say it's up to you to talk with this so

Malda said a word

You've done so much for me Miss Allington he began as soon as they were seated, but I've—I've a confession

Malda started

It all began as a mere joke and I have not given it a serious thought but it has grown into—into—I love you Miss Allington he blurted out I'm in love with every sweet girl I know—no I'm not in love with her I mean I'm—

Malda rose Hazel She looked at him as though seeing him for the first time when the truth dawned upon her

You're—you're That her Ward Hamilton she choked with anger "Dick's chum and the owner of the mills I should never have connected you two"

Forgive me Malda he pleaded taking her hand I had no intention of deceiving you but when I saw you that day I was in the office and to ring the bell you drew me as in a net You took me so seriously, and I—and I wanted some excuse to come often

She wrenched her hand free And you played on my sympathies and let me think you a poor ignorant lumberman all these weeks How could—how could you make light of my earnest efforts? I must say you are a good actor'

You see dear I intended to introduce myself as your brother's chum, but you acted so strange and so obviously associated me with my clothes that on the spur of the moment I decided to live up to what you expected of me The part was easy I had acted it several times in theatricals

"Why, I supposed you came to make trouble' laughed Malda as the humor of the situation struck her

Well I guess I made it all right; but you will forgive me won't you, sweetheart?' he asked as he took her, unresistingly, in his arms.

Malda had found her pupils—as her mother prophesied—so interesting that she forgot all about the dismal suggestion of the name Swamp Mills had become New Eden to her

Hottentot Delicacies

The Kafir may have his corn, the Boer his eternal coffee the man of Zanzibar his roast nairobi cooked in sugar sirup but the Hottentot demands a square meal He begins with tortoise soup then wild peacock roasted baked elephant foot fricassee of porcupine, spareribs of young hippopotamus ragout of earth hog's leg and an omelette of ostrich eggs all washed down with brandy and followed by native fruit Still the historians tell us the Hottentots are a decaying race In a land where Christmas comes in the midsummer of December what can one expect? Even then we have not accounted for the rhinoceros the lizard and the boa, all eaten in different parts of the world No wonder the man in the moon has ceased to be surprised at what is eaten by the world and his wife and with their limited vision call good

Suspicious Youngster

I was sitting on a bench in the park when a man woman and little girl sat down beside me The woman told me they were from Mexico and were Spanish The little girl eyed me with suspicion and I looked longingly at the water filled cups on a nearby fountain Presently she approached me and said I'm going for a drink, that's my papa and my mamma and I'm afraid you'll steal them while I'm gone for my water"—Cleveland Plain Dealer

Do You Own A Bank Book?

To have a pass book in black and white just to show you how well you are getting on with the world is encouraging—and by opening an account with this bank today with only $1.00 you are started in the right direction.

THE GRANGE NATIONAL BANK.

Smethport, Pa.

"Where is the Fire?"

IT seems like a small thing to ask of the operator—but what does it mean?

Possibly, at the same moment, hundreds are asking the same question and from the way the signal lamps on the switchboard glow one might say that the switchboard was on fire.

It requires as much time, as much use of the operator's service and telephone equipment to answer such a call as it does to establish an ordinary connection, and calls made at such critical times may delay the really important calls—calls for doctors, police and other emergency necessities—for the operator cannot distinguish the calls of a curious nature from important ones.

Now, as never before, all telephone facilities must be available to carry forward the really important business which is presented every hour. Please make only the necessary calls and help us as we strive to serve.

THE BELL TELEPHONE CO. OF PA.
C. T. McKEE, Local Manager,
BRADFORD, PA.

"Two Heads Are Better Than One"

By ELLEN B. KEE

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

It was Saturday, and for Sue that meant a trip in town, the matinee and perhaps a stroll through the shops, if there was time.

She pursued her leisurely way up the street from the station, conscious that she was looking very small, and quite aware of the fact that several pairs of masculine eyes had cast approving glances in her direction, as she lingered to look in the shop windows on her way.

Suddenly realizing that the streets were getting very crowded Sue came to the conclusion that she had stopped too long admiring the pretty things in the window. "It must be getting late," she said to herself, and glanced at the watch on her wrist.

"Mercy! Ten minutes of two. Where has the time gone? I'll be late now, all right," and she tried hard to hurry, but the crowds were too much for her and in spite of her best efforts she found that she made slow progress.

"Surely there must be something the matter," thought Sue. "I never remember seeing such an awful crowd even on a Saturday."

"Can't cross here, miss," a deep voice said to her. "Street's blocked to passengers till the parade's gone by," and Sue found herself looking up to the good-natured policeman who usually stood guard at the crossing.

"Parade!" said Sue, "I hadn't heard that there was going to be one! What

"I Must Get a Program."

parade is it?" she asked the blue-coated giant who still stood there smiling at her.

"Why, it's just the boys in from Camp Blank! They're marching through here on their way to the station, so the street's closed to traffic 'til they've passed."

So Sue had to stand there and watch the parade, and she kept one very anxious eye on the big clock on the corner, and sighed impatiently every time the minute hand moved one space more.

"I know it's not a bit patriotic to feel like this—I really ought to feel ashamed of myself," said Sue to herself, "but, oh, dear, I wouldn't care if it was any day but Saturday," and with a sigh of relief, after 15 minutes of anxious waiting, Sue darted across the street, and sped on her way to the theater.

"Oh, how I hate to be late," she stormed to herself; "I'll just get in when everything is pitch dark, and have to crawl in over half a dozen people, and get all disarranged," to say nothing of stepping all over them," and her fears were all realized, for the theater was all in darkness, and by the time Sue sank into her seat, breathless but thankful to be settled at last, her temper as well as her clothing was just a little upset.

"Oh, dear," she exclaimed in exasperation, when she had finally disposed of all her belongings, "I've forgotten to get a program, after all. I had no idea this was a war play (as she noticed several of the men on the stage in uniforms). You certainly can't tell much from the names of plays these days," she fumed. But just then the star made her appearance, and Sue forgot all about her impatience. She applauded enthusiastically as her favorite came upon the stage, and she leaned forward in breathless attention as the soldier hero bade his sweetheart good-by and went off on a dangerous mission.

"Gracious, I never dreamed that this was a war play," breathed Sue to herself as the curtain fell on the first act. "I seem to find soldiers on all sides today." And, as the lights went up and she turned to look about her, she fairly gasped, for she realized that she had spoken the truth, literally, for right beside her sat quite the nicest looking soldier she had ever seen, a manly, clean-cut looking chap with a very pleasant smile.

"Well," thought Sue, "it is certainly soldiers to right of me, soldiers in front of me; I hope they don't 'valley and thunder,'" she reflected mischievously as her thought went back to the poem she had learned in school. "However, she told herself, "I must get a program or I shan't know what they are doing," and she looked around vainly trying to attract the attention of the usher.

"Is there something I can do, for you?" asked a pleasant voice at her right, and Sue turned with a flush to look into (as she afterwards told herself) the nicest brown eyes she had ever seen.

"Why, I forgot to get a program," she told him, and accepted the one he proffered with a very pretty smile and blush. "You see," she went on, "I was late on account of the parade. I couldn't get across the street. Were you in it?" she asked shyly.

"I? Oh, no," he answered with his pleasant smile. "I've been home for two weeks. You see I—expect to go—away—very soon."

"Away!" said Sue. "You mean—over there?"

He nodded.

"How brave you boys are," said Sue softly, her eyes shining.

"Oh, no," said her companion. "Not brave at all—just patriotic."

And somehow with those few words She felt rebuked for her impatience of the afternoon. To think that she had been unwilling to sacrifice a few minutes of her time when this man and hundreds like him were ready to sacrifice so much.

She would do better in the future, she promised herself. Turning to her companion after the curtain had fallen on the second act she said: "I do really want to do something worth while to help the soldiers—do my bit, you know. Perhaps you could tell me what you think would be most useful."

"Well, you've heard of Sister Susie," said her companion with a smile, "and the shirts she sews."

"Oh, but really I'm not joking," protested Sue. "Of course I knit and sew. Every one does that—besides, Susie is really my name," she added mischievously.

"Oh! Indeed!" said her companion. "Susie—?" interrogatively, and he waited a moment. But Sue was silent.

"I beg your pardon," said he instantly. "Of course you must think me very presumptuous. But, really, I did not mean to be. Perhaps this would be as good a time as any for me to introduce myself. Lieutenant Samuel Putnam—at your service."

"And mine is Sue Williams," said the girl, not to be outdone.

"Thank you," said the man courteously, acknowledging her information. "Shall we shake hands and consider ourselves properly introduced?" And as the lights went out and left the theater in readiness for the last act Sue reached out her hand to her companion, and with a thrill she felt his broad palm close over her fingers and hold them fast.

"I am coming to see you before I leave, if I may," he told her—"and then we'll talk over the different things that you can do for the boys at the front. However, I warn you that there'll be one 'boy' who'll claim the lion's share of your attention."

Sue smiled and held out her hand for "good-by."

"Yes, do come," she said. "Two heads are better than one, you know."

"By Jove, that's right," exclaimed the young man. "And a 'Susie' and a 'Samuel,' that's a pretty good combination, I think," and the sparkle in his eyes told of a deeper meaning that lay hidden in his words.

CHIEF CITY OF NEW ZEALAND

Auckland Has Many Points of Interest That Make Visit of Tourist Well Worth While.

Auckland, New Zealand, has the parks and flowers of California's cities, a miniature Wall street, a harbor that is both decorative and useful, and an extinct volcano. Mount Eden, from which one gains the most picturesque view of the city. From Mount Eden can be seen the sunny waters of the Pacific, disturbed by restless little motorboats and merchant steamers crowding the bay. Nearer, but far below, lies Auckland, wrapped in mist. The rush of traffic is for once unheard, but the steady smoke columns show that the city is as busy as ever below the thin canopy of fog. Beyond the city limits, flocks are grazing and laborers are busy in vineyard and orchard.

All business in Auckland leads to the wharves by way of Queen street. In Queen street the Aucklander can transact any business from the purchase of a bunch of bananas from a Chinese vendor to the investment of his fortune. The alert commercial instinct of the New Zealander has not made him lose interest in his community. Warehouses and shops have not been allowed to crowd out parks and gardens. Even the ruins of an old fort, from which the natives had long before defended themselves against the English settler, were torn down to make room for a park. The result was Albert park, one of the show places of the city, but scarcely so interesting in its well-planned symmetry as were the historic ruins. Auckland has kept other less cumbersome souvenirs of its early days carefully guarded in its museum.—Chicago News.

Same Species.

"I see where some man in Arizona wants to fight the enemy with rattlesnakes."

"I doubt the plan's efficiency. Professional courtesy might keep the reptiles from striking the Huns."

Smethport, Pa., August 29, 1918.

MICKIE SAYS

HELP! GIT THIS HERE SACK OFFEN ME BEFORE I CROAK! AN', BY HEK, I BET THE NEXT GUY WOT WANTS TO TRADE POTATOES, ER ANYTHIN' ELSE ON HIS SUBSCRIPTION IS GOIN' TO GIT BEANED WITH THE MALLET, TAKE IT FROM ME!
POSTAGE

—Get your season ticket for the Fair of the Auh-We Camp Fire or their Guardian, Charlotte Bosworth.

—The members of the Finance Committee will make the September collection for the benefit of the local chapter American Red Cross, the first of next week. Please be ready when the collector calls.

—Numerous friends of O. H. Miller of Bradford, who has been seriously ill for one week at the home on Amm street, will be gratified to know that he has sufficiently recovered to be able to sit up for short periods.

—Miss Rhea K. Boardman, of Bradford, who was taking a special course at a training school in Vineland, N. J. has arrived home to spend a few days before her departure for Jamestown, to take up her duties as teacher in the public schools there.

[illegible] Private Norman Stiegler, [illegible] killed in action in France July 26, [illegible] S. P. [illegible] of the Regular army [illegible] He was 27 years old and had lived in Bradford practically all his life. He and his brothers were members of Company C of the National Guard. The brothers were within a few feet of him when he was killed. He left here with Company C of the old 16th, now the 112th Inf., and went to Camp Hancock, Atlanta, Ga., He went overseas in May.

—Please pay your subscription. After November 1, 1918 we will have to show our lists to government inspectors and there must be no subscribers' names upon it, over three months in arrears. If you do not care to pay in advance pay to date and stop taking the paper. We have to obey the ruling and ask our subscribers to give their aid. The subscription price of the MINER is $2.00 per year; $1.00 for six months; we will also accept 50 cents subscriptions for three months in advance. Single copies of the paper are 5 cents each. We are not allowed to furnish free copies of the paper under any circumstances.

—If you buy a $100 bond of the Fourth Liberty Loan you are lending the United States Government enough money to feed a soldier in France a little more than seven months. Or you have furnished enough money to give him a complete outfit of winter and summer clothing, including shoes and stockings, and slicker and overcoat and blankets, with enough left over to arm him with a good revolver. You have done that much to beat back the Hun. It takes $25 more to arm him with a rifle with a bayonet on it, and if you buy a second $100 bond you furnish him this rifle and 1,000 cartridges for it; and there will still be enough of your money left to purchase a good sized bomb to throw in a dug-out, or demolish a machine gun together with the Huns operating it.

SUMMER MILLINERY.

Here you will find the season's dainty fancies, the pick of the choice creations in the fashion markets of the country. Come in, see them, try them on. Your style is here. Come and get it. CARRIE CLARK.
15tf

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Please Pay

All subscribers to the MINER are hereby notified that the government has taken the matter of extending credit out of our hands. Henceforth papers must be paid for or we can't send them from the office. We have until Nov. 1, to get a paid in advance mailing list and ask our subscribers to help us.

Now is the Time

YOU CANNOT

afford to insure yourself, otherwise you would not need insurance.

The same reasons that prompted you to carry insurance should, upon due inquiry, admonish you perhaps to take out more insurance, because of the increased cost of building materials, labor, and nearly every other item of expense entering into the cost of making repairs, or of re-building, after a fire. Ask

Burdick's Insurance Agency & Music Store

305 W. MAIN ST. SMETHPORT, PA.

USED CAR SALE

MASTER SIX CHALMERS, Continental Motor—Seven Passenger, cost $2650.00, Paint, Upholstering, etc., in fine condition. Tires good. Brand new $55.00 Storage Battery. Guaranteed in good mechanical condition. Price $595.00

1916 STUDEBAKER, 4 cylinder, 7 Passenger. Engine in good condition. Brand new rear tires. Price $495.00

NEW MAXFER STUDEBAKER, One and a Half Ton Truck. Bosch High Tension Magneto. Large Stake Body, Windshield and Top. In fine running order. All new tires. Big Bargain. Price $595.00

REO TRUCK, capacity 1500 lbs. Stake Body. New up-to-date carbureator, solid tires, rear ones new. Runs good, pulls good, and will do more work than the best team of horses. Price $125.00

TERMS: One half cash, balance on monthly payments.

BACKUS NOVELTY CO.

SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

HARRY L. BACKUS, Owner.
ROSS K. KNAPP, Editor and Manager

Entered at the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., as second-class matter

Smethport, Pa., Thursday August 29, 1918.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For Governor,
WILLIAM C. SPROUL,
of Chester County.

For Lieutenant-Governor
EDWARD E. BIEDLEMAN
of Dauphin County.

For Secretary of Internal Affairs.
JAMES F. WOODWARD,
of Allegany County.

For Congressmen-at-Large
MAHLON M. GARLAND,
of Allegany County.
THOMAS S. CRAGO,
of Greene County.
JOSEPH McLAUGHLIN,
of Philadelphia County.
ANDERSON H. WALTERS,
of Cambria County.

For Representative in Congress
EVAN J. JONES
of Bradford

For Members of Assembly
C. W. CATLIN
of Port Allegany.
J. A. FITZGIBBON
of Bradford.

Under the Brest Litovsk Treaty Germany prohibits Russia from imposing duties or preventing the export of minerals and timber, but Russia is to allow German goods in under the favored nation treatment. Under the Democratic tariff policy the United States is prohibited from enacting a tariff law which will impose protective rates of duty, and the free trade policy of the Democrats not only encourages, but compels, the exportation of minerals, timber, and other raw materials to countries where they can be manufactured more cheaply than here, mainly because of a far lower wage scale. The Democratic party enforces on our own peoples exactly the trade policy which Germany has forced upon Russia, and no economic agent which Germany could select could perform her will with respect to our trade more to Germany's satisfaction than the Democratic party under the leadership of Mr. Wilson, who stands for the removal of all economic barriers. Mr. Wilson and his party have practically removed those barriers by the tariff law of 1913. They would keep them removed. The Republican party would restore them. A Republican Congress would take steps necessary to prepare us for after-war conditions. Republicans deny the infallibility of any President who ever served, and they believe that loyalty to country is greater than servile submission to the dictatorship of a chief executive. Loyalty to country demands legislation which will best conserve the prosperity, industry, and consequent happiness of the people of the country, and that legislation centers around a tariff policy which will so regulate importations of competing goods as to assure to our home industries maximum operation, the steadiest employment at the American wage standard, and a resulting minimum production cost will enable us to market our goods abroad on a price basis something like that of our competitors in foreign fields. This is one of the things you have to think about when you vote for your Congressman and Senator this fall. Furthermore, the war is not going to be lost because the Republicans control Congress. On the contrary, it will be speeded to a successful conclusion, which contemplates no compromise with Kaiserism.

On August 11, 1918, when we had been at war 16 months, the War Department announced that all officers of the Ordnance Department below the rank of Colonel would be required to take a course in target practice with the .45 calibre automatic pistol. The purpose is to equip the men to defend themselves while on overseas duty. Thus we are gradually speeding up the war.

Since Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo has given his endorsement of the oft-repeated policy of wearing patches to conserve cloth, Secretary of the Navy Daniels should get abroad the economy band wagon by repealing his order requiring Navy officers on shore duty to wear spotless white uniforms in summer. He could save time, labor and money, by so doing.

Under no circumstances can any good be accomplished in politics by raising false issues. The President asserted that the re-election of a certain man would be a repudiation of his administration. That might be true and it might not. A candidate may have been a supporter of the President and yet so personally unpopular among his constitutents that he could not be re-elected. That would not be a repudiation of the administration. A candidate may have been an opponent of the administration and yet be so popular with his constituents that they will re-elect him regardless of his attitude toward the President. Neither would that be a repudiation of the administration. It is true that if the country returned a large proportion of men who had opposed the administration, and refused to return men who had been in accord with the administration, there would be reason to conclude that the country entertains views different from those of the administration, but it would be unsound reasoning to say that the election or rejection of any one man shows the attitude of the people of his state or district toward the President. Prohibition, equal suffrage, religious prejudices, local factional jealousies, unusual care or unusual carelessness in attending to the requests of constituents, failure to visit his constituents, and a thousand and one minor matters have a bearing upon a senatorial election—and ought to have—so it is not and cannot be true that to re-elect any certain man to Congress is a repudiation of the President. And the President is doing an injustice to the voters when he tries to make them accept him as an issue in a Congressional election.

Secretary Baker has hit upon a plan for informing relatives and friends of soldiers convalescing wounded and sick who are adjusted to overseas duties. Baker proposes to have the hospital records brought down to date weekly by courier, the records to give the exact nature of the wounds or disease. This is a novel idea. By this means parents and friends will be advised of the condition of those in whom they may be interested a week or so after the courier has made the rounds. The Secretary believes that the task of installing this system will be considerable, and hopes are entertained that the task will be accomplished some time before the end of the war. Probably the War Department has devised this method because of the rank inefficiency of the Parkeson mail service, which is apt to deliver news of a boy's illness or wounds about the time the patient has died of senile debility and the war is being written up by the historian. It has been suggested that Secretary Baker appoint Gordon Auchincloss, the exempted son-in-law of Colonel E. M. House, and Edsel Ford, the exempted son of the belligerent jitney king to act as couriers. It is war work of a decidedly safe nature even though they be heralds of sorrowful tidings. They should wear ebon plumes on thir overseas caps and each carry a black bearded pocket handkercher.

That list of officials and employees entitled to railroad passes under the system of government control is undoubtedly all right, if followed strictly. But there would be some advantages in requiring government railroad officials to line up at the ticket window and await their turn. They would acquire some sympathy for the irritated public.

Dispatches from Washington recently declared that German influences were behind the break between Mexico and Cuba. It would seem that American diplomacy should be such that the United States could have some influence over a sister Republic as close as Mexico and have many commercial and financial relations.

The re-nomination of Congressman Huddleson, of Alabama, over the opposition of the President, is apparently a rebuke to the President. If he doesn't want to get a jolt of that kind, he can avoid it by attending to his official duties and letting Congressional elections alone.

Pointing to Henry P. Davidson's success in the two great Red Cross drives as an illustration of beneficial results of putting business men in charge of business matters, an editorial in Leslie's urges advisibility of having a business man in the White House after the war. It says: "For big things commend us to big men. No benevolence connected with the war is more worthy or makes a more powerful appeal than the Red Cross. At first thought it would seem that the government should do this work, but when one considers the wonderful efficiency of the organization under private management, the latter seems to be best. When Henry P. Davison took charge of the war work of the American Red Cross and proposed that $100,000,000 be raised in one week, people stood aghast. Nothing daunted, he called together the nation's editors, its captains of industry, its bankers and business men, and told them what he wanted. The drive brought in over $110,000,000!

COURT HOUSE NOTES

Marriage Licenses

Aug. 13—Burrows Babb Danley and Helen M. Bigelow both of Williamsport, Pa.

Aug. 17—Francis A. Ruddy of Detroit, Mich. and Mary C. Healy of Bradford, Pa.

Deeds.

Aug. 14—Victor Sundstrom and wife to Katherine E. Schaner, Bradford, $1.

Elizabeth Kopanski to August Kopanski and wife Bradford, $1.

Cynthia E. Taylor and husband to David Whiteman, Bradford, Twp., $1.

Western Dunn to Celestia C. Sloan, Smethport, Pa., $50.

August 15—Charles Bloomquist and wife to Albert Blomquist and wife, Hamlin, $1.

O. D. Underwood, et al, to Forest Producing Company, Otto, $120,000.

Mabel F. Ryan and husband to Rose O. Mongillo and husband, Bradford, $1.

Margaret George Gray and husband to Sabra J. George, Bradford, Twp. $1.

Barry C. Bemis and wife to Minnie Cecelia Conroe, Bradford, $1.

Martin Dolan and wife to Leon Piercotti, Kane, $1.

Henry Larson, Administrator, to Oscar Larson and wife, Hamilton Twp., $1250.

Aug. 10 Anna Plarko and husband to Anna M. Warren, Keating Twp. $—.

Chester Prouty and wife to Pennsylvania Oil Products Refining Company, [illegible] $550.

Adda Mae McAvin and husband to Sarah E. Davi[illegible], Kane, $3000.

Thomas B. Tarara and husband to [illegible] Bradford, $1.

Ida Mae McKeon and husband, to [illegible] Trustee, Bradford, $2000.

[illegible] and wife to [illegible] Smethport, [illegible]

[illegible] to Anna V. Par[illegible] Bradford, $1.

[illegible] to Anna [illegible] Bradford, $1.

Nora Coley to Paul A. Everett Bradford, $1.

Paul A. Everett to Samuel M. Abrams, Bradford, $1500.

Jamison N. Wickard to William E. Price, Bradford, $1.

Charles Lemmler, Guardian, to B. H. Redlich, Keating, $[illegible]66.

Joe Shudock and wife to Heline and Johnson, Keating, $1.

Satisfaction of Mortgage.

August 13—Louis Glatt to William F. Wilcox, Kane, $1450.

Aug. 14—F. J. Newton to Earl Austin, Ceres Twp. $750.

Agnes M. Hogans to Elmer E. Caskey, Bradford, $630.

Aug 20 State Capital Savings and Loan Association to Gust E. Olson and wife, Kane, $1100.

Aug. 20—Commonwealth Trust Company to George W. Reese, et al, Keating, $1000.

Assignment of Mortgage.

August 19—Robert A. Olmsted to Commonwealth Trust Company, Keating, $1.

Same to Same, Bradford, $1.

CENTER OF MANY LEGENDS

Famous Dome of the Rock, in the Holy Land, Has Long Been Held Sacred Place.

The Mussulman's grief at the fall of Jerusalem is largely centered in the fate of the Dome of the Rock. For centuries devout Mohammedans have journeyed to this spot, which they count second only to the holy places of Mecca in religious significance.

Directly under the rounded dome topped with the Turkish crescent is the sacred rock about which a host of traditions—Jewish, Christian and Mohammedan—have been collected. From this rock Mohammed ascended into heaven on his steed El Borak, the lightning. Here also, if tradition is worth anything, rested Noah's ark, and Jacob saw the angelic vision. This spot is 18 miles nearer heaven than any other on the earth, and the Turks accept the old Jewish theory that this is the center of the earth. Here on the judgment day will the angel Gabriel stand when he sounds his trumpet.

There is little room for argument over these statements. You accept or reject them as you will. But long and heated have been the learned dissertations to decide whether this identical spot, already overcrowded with associations, is the site of Solomon's temple or of the tomb of Christ. Science now leans toward the former conclusion and grants that very likely the rock marks the place where stood the altar of the famous Jewish temple.

Even for a confirmed skeptic the place must hold some interest, for the structure protecting the rock is a worthy rival of the Taj Mahal in beauty of design. The building is octagonal like a mosque and popularly called the Mosque of Omar, to the distress of the well informed, who point out that it is only a shrine and that the true Mosque of Omar is a small vault-like building in no way connected with the sacred rock.

Mohammedan worship is as yet undisturbed by the viceroy of the Christians, the chief difference being that the Mohammedan is now the tenant and the unbeliever the landlord.

M. S. GEARY
REAL ESTATE
AGENCY
OFFERS FOR SALE

Nice little home corner Nelson and Willow Sts. $600.00. One Hundred and fifty down, balance, payable in installments of One Hundred dollars every 6 months, Why pay rent when you can own your own home on such easy terms.

House and lot on Water St., ... $700.00 Good location, large lot, City water, Gas, Cement walks, Terms cash.

One 5 passenger FORD, 1914 model. Price $275.00.

One 5 passenger FORD, 1914 model. Price $300.00. (New tires all round, self starter, electric lights.)

We have several houses and lots, also a number of farms, two teams heavy draft horses, one or two tracts of timber, several automobiles, all of which can be seen at any time. Come in and lets talk it over, No doubt we have just what you are looking for.

OFFICE IMPERIAL HOTEL. Both phones.
Smethport —:— —:— Pennsylvania

"We bring buyer and seller together."

FURNITURE

We respectfully call your attention to the fact that all our Furniture is worth your notice. You will get good, honest Furniture, the kind that is up to date and well made.

H. H SASSE Furniture, and Wall Paper Undertaking in All Its Branches

HIGH-GRADE LUMBER

AND PLENTY OF IT

is awaiting the disposal of all who are building or intending to build, at our yards. Come and look over our stock and convince yourself that we have just the stuff you need—and that we can supply promptly, every kind of hard and soft wood needed to erect any style of buildig from cellar to roof.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN
Smethport.

EVERY DAY IS THRIFT DAY

To those who trade here. Get the best line of "substitutes" that are on the market to-day as well as the very choicest grades of staple groceries.

at

THE COLEGROVE GROCERY

The Store with many years' reputation for fair and square dealing.

FARMERS AND GARDENERS.
You can get
FORMALINE
for
SEED OATS AND POTATOES
at
H. C. WELLS
SMETHPORT, PA.

NEW FALL NECKWEAR IN THE LATEST NEW YORK STYLES.

Just Watch our windows for these stylish new effects, ruffles all the rage.

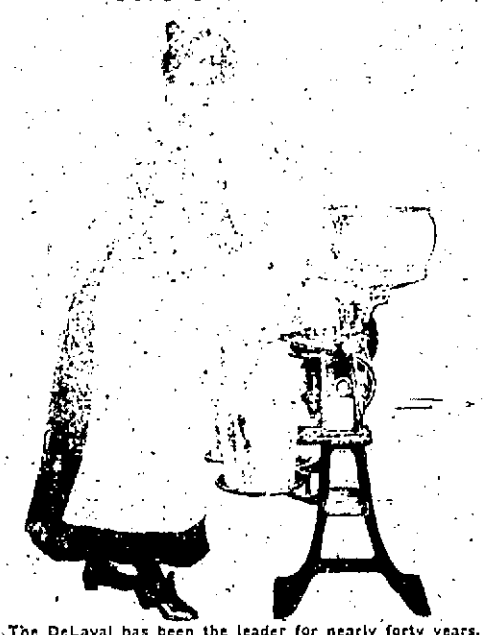
Beautiful Georgett Crepe
Organdy
Voiles & Lawns
Also Satin.

In Separate collars and in sets.
25 cents to $1.50 each.

New Patent Leather belts fine for use with the new Sweaters, 25c and 50c each.

Masser Brothers Co.
THE DEPENDABLE STORE PHONE 149

THE CREAM OF THE CREAM SEPARATOR TRADE GOES TO
The DeLaval



...The DeLaval has been the leader for nearly forty years, and the gap between DeLaval and the next one behind—A long way behind—is constantly growing wider with years.
A TRIAL WILL CONVINCE YOU OF THE SUPERIORITY OF THE DeLAVAL.

B. T GARLICK
THE CORNER HARDWARE.
SMETHPORT, — — PA.

McKean County Miner
Entered at the Postoffice at Smethport, Pa., as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Pa., August 29, 1918.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Be on the safe side read Monheimer's ad. in to-day's MINER.

—The Fry Company has a new advertisement to-day to which your attention is directed.

—The Barkus Novelty Co. has a change in its advertisement concerning used cars in another part of to-day's paper.

—Mrs. J. W. Want entertained the Auction Bridge club at a one o'clock luncheon last Thursday at her home on Rose Hill Avenue.

—On Sunday, Sept. 1, the M. E. church will revert to its old schedule. Morning service at 10:30; Sunday School, 11:30, evening servic, 7:30.

—The Rev. J. F. Hartman, Superintendent of the Erie District of the Anti-Saloon League, will preach in the M. E. church, Sunday, a. m. Dr. Hartman is a forceful speaker and deserves a large hearing.

—The McKean County Fair Association has a new advertisement today. Keep the fair dates in mind and help make it a big success by exhibiting something in the various departments. The dates are September 10, 11, 12, and 13.

—C. F. Boller, editor and proprietor of the Port Allegany Argus, has purchased from the estate of the late Chas O. Layman, the property and plant of the Port Allegany Reporter. It is understood that Mr. Boller will combine the two plants and issue one newspaper. This should make a profitable piece of newspaper property and the owner has the MINER'S best wishes for prosperous success.

—See B. T. Garlick's new advertisement elsewhere in to-day's issue.

—George B. Whitehill, former editor and proprietor of the Mt. Jewett Herald, has been elected principal of the Russell, Warren county High school and has taken up his residence in Russell.

—Hayes G. Heath of Eldred was in town Monday, completing arrangements for the engagement of the Eldred band, which will furnish music for the McKean county fair, September 10-13.

—Roy Thomas of Smethport, Pa., who has been the guest of his uncle, John Ostrander and family left recently for the Brooklyn Navy Yard where he will again go on duty with the U. S. S. Von Steuben. This ship is of special interest to us all as it was the one on which Elwood Wicks was serving at the time of his death. He often wrote of the Thomas' brothers and of their companionship on board the battleship.—Port Allegany Argus.

—Monday night as Fred Champlain of Coryville was driving home his team of young horses became excited at a passing automobile in the vicinity of the dugway east of town and started to run. One horse running faster than the other swerved it's mate into another automobile that was approaching Smethport and an accident resulted. There were three men besides Mr. Champlain on the wagon and all were thrown out, although Mr. Champlain was the only one to sustain injuries. His right hand was badly bruised and he sustained various cuts and bruises about the body. The horse that ran into the car was badly cut and bruised but it is thought will eventually become sound and all right again. No blame is attached to the driver of the car, it being simply an unavoidable accident due to the action of the young horses.

—W. A. Hovis of Clermont has moved his family to this place and they are now pleasantly located at 107 West King street.

—An Official Board meeting of the M. E. church will be held on Tuesday, Sept 3, at 8 p. m. It is essential that every member be present.

—The Cononada Camp Fire Girls and their guardian, Miss Carrie A. Day were entertained Tuesday evening by Miss Iva Holder at her home on Franklin street.

—Nicholas Driver, aged about 80 years, died at the County Home, Tuesday morning. He came to that institution from the vicinity of Bradford. His remains were buried at the Home burial plot.

—County Auditor J. Emory Abbott was taken suddenly ill Friday at his home on West Washington street, Bradford. His condition remains unchanged.

—Tuesday afternoon, Arthur Norman a 12-year-old boy, while riding a bicycle on Main street near the postoffice, was struct by an automobile driven by Bradford parties and slightly bruised. His bicycle was quite badly wrecked. The driver of the car stopped at once and gave the boy aid, and also before he departed paid for the damage to the bicycle.

—Peter Warner, aged 84 years, former of Mt. Alton, who has lived at the County Home for several years died at the institution Sunday night. He was of Odd Fellow and that fraternity had charge of the funeral which was held Monday, the Rev. Arthur Dickson of the M. E. church officiating. William Warner, a son and Mrs. [illegible] from Sayenta, N. Y., were in attendance at the funeral. Burial in Rose Hill cemetery.

[illegible] of Coryville in a runaway [illegible] sell of [illegible] and a broken [illegible] Sunday afternoon. [illegible] was [illegible] one and did not [illegible] to [illegible] Mrs. Steele in a very complimentary [illegible] Other American [illegible] reference [illegible] Dole steamer [illegible] sailed [illegible] the time of July and early August.

Residents of East Main street and West King street are making strenuous complaints about some person or persons who are looting their gardens and have just reached the limit of their patience. One man has placed a shotgun in first class working order and says that it is his intention to wing the first night prowler he catches in his garden. These are war times when the food is really needed and gardeners will take means to protect their property from pilferers that they would hesitate to use in normal times.

—Charles P. Collins, one of the best known of Pennsylvania oil operators, died Sunday morning at Fayetteville, Arkansas. Formerly a resident of Eldred and Bradford, Mr. Collins in recent years made his home in Tulsa, Okla. A wife and five sons survive. Mr. Collins was born in Caribou, Me., 70 years ago and came to the oil country in 1860. He followed the oil industry in Clarion Armstrong and Butler counties, coming to McKean in 1878. From 1884 to 1892, he lived at Eldred, removing to Bradford in the latter years. At one time he was head of the Devonian Oil company and had many other interests, industrial as well as in oil. Funeral will be held in Bradford Thursday afternoon.

PERSONAL MENTION

Miss Dorothy Reed of Bradford is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Johnston.

Miss Carrie Natello is spending the week with relatives and friends in Buffalo, N. Y.

Frank Potter left Saturday for a weeks visit with relatives in Gary, Indiana.

W. H. Bosworth of Franklin, Pa., is visiting at the home of his mother for two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brobts of Greensboro, Pa., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Jacobs.

Mrs. Mabel Sparks of Coryville was the guest of her sister Mrs. Arthur Rice last Thursday.

Mrs. Frank Potter is spending the week with her daughter, Miss Mame Potter, at Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. James Francis of Davis was a guest of her mother, Mrs. Christena Anderson and family Friday.

Miss Ruth Rice has been the guest of her cousin Mrs. Bessie Hanson of Olean, N. Y., for the last week.

B. H. Mobdy of Eldred and sister-in-law, Mrs. Marie Benjamin of Rushford, N. Y., were callers in town Sunday.

Mr. N. G. Head of Warren, Pa., was the guest ofhis cousin, Mrs. Blanche Fischer at the Imperial Hotel, over Sunday.

Miss Alberta Hopper of Hornell, N. Y., returned to her home Friday after a two weeks visit with her brother, Webb B. Hopper and family.

Miss Grace Howard and Miss Katherine Durken leave Friday for Pittsburgh after spending the Summer vacation with Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Daly.

You Get Associated Press Dispatches of the War Daily and Up-to-the-Minute in the Olean Evening Herald For Sale at F. J. Nichols Smethport

Mr. Viola Badger and Miss Helen Kaiser left Saturday for a visit with Miss Badger's cousin, Mrs. V. L. Cole, [illegible], N. Y.

Mrs. A. B. Cooper, [illegible] Second [illegible], N. Y., where she will [illegible] relatives at [illegible] and attended the Fair [illegible].

Mrs. and Mrs. G. D. Tarbell and children, Geraldine and George, of Port [illegible] motored over Sunday [illegible] of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. [illegible].

Mrs. [illegible] and Mr. and Mrs. [illegible] Walker departed Tuesday for Chautauqua lake for a short sojourn. They will [illegible] Mrs. John Walker was [illegible] there.

J. J. Johnston and family and Mrs. Arthur Gregson and family visited Conder-port, the ice mine and Shinglehouse, Sunday. The trip was made in Mr. Johnston's car.

Mrs. E. V. Lewis and Mrs. Lee A. Gibson came from Rochester, Friday to attend the funeral of their mother, Mrs. Margaret A. Knapp. They returned to Rochester, Monday.

Miss Marguerite Knapp of Franklinville came Thursday night to attend the funeral of her grandmother, Mrs Margaret A. Knapp, Friday. She returned to Franklinville Sunday.

Miss Hazel Hopper who was the guest of Miss Iva Holder for a week left Saturday for Bradford for a few days visit with relatives before returning to her home in Hornell, N. Y.

Mrs. John Boylan of Rochester, N. Y., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Hanes at Ormsby, Pa., Mrs. Hanes and Mrs. Boylan were Smethport visitors Friday and were pleasant callers at this office.

A motoring party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Feld, Mrs. W. Ditmar, Miss Laura Braun, and John Braun, all of Pittsburgh stopped on their way home from Buffalo and were guests of Mrs. Walter Daly, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McKean, accompanied by the Misses Grace Howard and Catherine Durkin of Pittsburgh, and Mary Lucile Haven, spent last week in Buffalo and Niagara Falls, returning Saturday evening.

You need not Dress like old Father Time, when you can get an
ALL WOOL MADE TO MEASURE SUITS FOR $21.50.
Take no chances—ask for SCOTCH WOOLEN MILLS,
cloths and be assured of all wool. We stand squarely back of THIS guarantee. . . . . .
Any suit or overcoat that bears the Scotch Woolen Mills Label—is strictly all-wool; must fit you perfectly and must have been made strictly according to your instructions.
If not, you need not accept it.
Over 200 Samples to select from.
WM. MONHEIMER'S

PICTORIAL PATTERNS ARROW COLORS.

THE FRY COMPANY

Esmond's Camp Blanket's

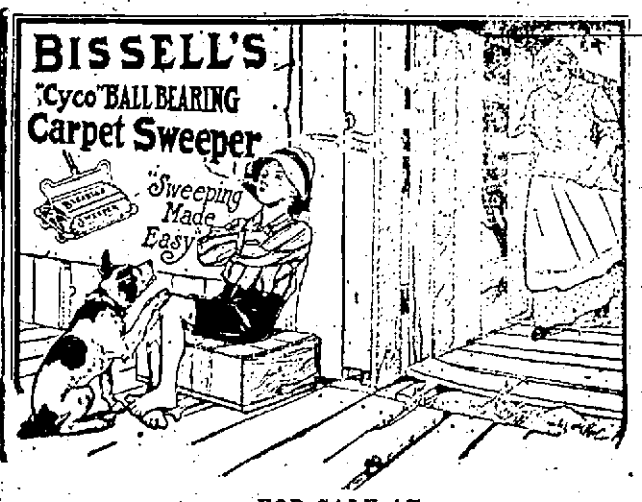
Fine grade of blankets for the boys who are called to camp. The Esmond Camp Blankets come in gray and khaki with the fine Costex finish in the regulation army sizes.

54 x 84 Gray	$4.75
54 x 78 Khaki	$4.50
62 x 80 Gray wool mixed	$7.00
The Regular Standard Army blankets in wool	$11.00

THE FRY COMPANY
Smethport, Pa.

WORK MADE EASY WITH

BISSELL'S "Cyco" BALL BEARING Carpet Sweeper



FOR SALE AT
CHAS. W. MASSER'S
HARDWARE.

CANNING SEASON IS HERE

Come in and get your Jars, Rubbers free and one Extra top with every dozen.

Pints	90c
Quarts	$1.00
Jelly Glasses	50c.

Try our 25c Coffee. Can't be beat.
Figbars 22c, only this week.
Cookies always fresh on hand.
— at —

The Lindholm Grocery,
Telephone 16-M.
CASH GROCERS SMETHPORT, PA.

SUMMER SHOES FOR ALL.

This store can fit the whole family for all occasions in the line of footwear. Work or play, dress or for everyday wear we have the proper shoe for men, women and children.
Let us show you.
WE DO REPAIRING.

Anderson & Carlson THE SHOE MEN

NOTICE TO LIBERTY BOND PURCHASERS.

Final shipment of Coupon Bonds has arrived and are ready for delivery.

Call and receipt for yours.

HAMLIN BANK & TRUST CO.,

Greetings to a Soldier

By HILDA MORRIS

(Copyright 1918 by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

It was a window full of greeting cards the sort the people send nowadays for every occasion apparently except funerals Cards for birthdays cards for weddings cards to congratulate you on all sorts of happenings cards with patriotic sentiments—and [illegible] cleverly and [illegible] color

[illegible] paused before the window attracted by its gay display. It was Saturday afternoon, her day "off," and she had nothing else to do but wander among the shops, looking in on lovely hats and blouses and flowers which she could not afford to buy This window however was different She could buy cards that is if she had any on to whom to send them Today most of the cards seemed to be for soldiers, the verses told how proud some one was of them, and how somebody longed to see a certain soldier again Justine looked and most earnestly wished that she knew a soldier to whom she might send a card She was doing so very little about the war anyway She had no time to knit and no money to give It might help a very little to send one of these bright cards to some homesick boy in a far away camp But the trouble was she did not know any soldiers Since she had come to the city Justine's days had been too full of work to afford many chances for meeting men and the days back home in Oldport were now so far away She racked her brains trying to think of some one to whom she might send one of these friendly greetings

There was Mr Evans from the office but she hardly knew him well enough And Bert Holmes from Oldport, but he was engaged to another girl perhaps it would not do The only soldier whom she could think of who might be pleased to hear from her was the little Pratt boy at home who had once been in her Sunday-school class Of course he was not a little boy any longer he must be twenty one at least But he would remember her she felt sure and doubtless he would like to receive a card from the big city So she went in and chose the very prettiest card of all I borrowed a pen from the stenographer and

So She Wrote the Letter

[illegible] on second thought she found that she was not quite sure what the Pratt boy's first name was Charles Clarence Curtis that was it Curtis Curtis Pratt had a very family and she wrote the name firmly addressed it to the Long Island camp where she had heard that the Pratt boys were stationed and mailed it Busy forgot all about it

But two days later much to her surprise there came a note for her from Curtis Pratt He had received the card and was very much pleased He thought it was so good of her to remember him He should very much like to hear from her again if she had time Then followed a few chatty items about himself

Justine was quite flattered It is not often that boys remember his Sunday school teachers with such courtesy and interest So she wrote the letter and a friendly sort of epistle it was She took especial pains with it but a few days later the answer came He was to have leave next Sunday could he come to see her?

Now this was something that had never before happened to Justine since she came to the city Her Sundays had been lonely days given over to church and books and washing her hair and solitary walks in the park To have a nice boy call on her was something which she had long given up hoping for The very thought of it sent a delightful little thrill through her She wrote to him to come And Sunday morning she stayed home from church and washed her hair in his honor She looked disgracefully young for an [illegible] teacher about to greet her pupil, her hair curled about her ears in a delightful style that reminded one somehow of yellow spring things And her eyes were altogether too dangerously blue for a teacher to possess especially if she wears a blue dress that accentuates their color Justine was twenty seven years old, but she looked about sixteen when she came down into the little boarding house parlor to greet Curtis Pratt, her ex pupil

The tall soldier who was seated by the window rose upon her entrance, thereby revealing himself to be very tall indeed and of much broader proportions than she associated with little Curtis Pratt.

"Why, how you have grown!" exclaimed Justine "I didn't think—"

And then with widening eyes she saw that this was not her Sunday school pupil at all He had never looked like that with such a straight nose and such very brown eyes He had been a blonde

"Why you—you aren't Curtis Pratt!" she accused him breathlessly

It was the soldier's turn to look surprised

Yes I am begging your pardon I'm very much indeed Curtis Pratt I remember you even if you don't recall my face Once when we were very young we went to the same picnic and I fished you out of Fairview Creek. Don't you remember that day?"

Justine sat down quite suddenly

"Why yes" she faltered "I remember that I remember you too, only—"

"Only what?

"I'd forgotten that your name was Curtis I guess I got you mixed with your younger brother the one I taught in Sunday school I thought I was writing to him"

"Benny? Benny is out at camp but he has measles just now I'm sorry if I've disappointed you Perhaps Benny can come next time—"

There was a flat note of hurt in his voice, a rather wistful something in his eyes as he looked at her

"No, no!" she exclaimed hastily "I'm not at all disappointed I—I'm glad it was you"

And then she blushed at what she had said, a delightful pink blush that went very well with her springtime frock

"So am I" said Curtis Pratt"

They spent the afternoon together in the park, and then had supper together at a quiet restaurant More than once Justine felt the envious eyes of some other girl fixed upon her the eyes of some girl who envied her the companionship of so fine looking a soldier, just as she herself felt on so many Sundays past But now now she felt sorry for them those other girls For something told her that this was only the beginning of a great many other Sundays that were to come

Do you know said Curtis Pratt as they walked slowly home to her boarding house that I have never forgotten you even if you don't recall my face Once when we were very young we went to the same picnic and I fished you out of Fairview Creek. Don't you remember that day?"

Neither have I she confessed softly That is I've never forgotten the boy who fished me out of the creek And his name—

At least you remembered his name Curtis agreed with a little laugh I am glad that you forgot it, and I think she had a crush on May I come again next Sunday

Yes she agreed happily

And the Sunday after

Yes"

And the Sunday after that?"

Yes if you still want to"

Want to! I guess by that time I'll be wanting to come oftener than Sunday I'm sure of it

Well said Justine with a conscience stricken little sigh I guess I've forgotten all about poor Benny Give him my best wishes won't you? But—I don't think he would have cared very much for a card from his Sunday school teacher anyway I'm horrid but I'm glad he never got it"

Soy Bean More Widely Used

Among the numerous products that have been given prominence during the war is the oil obtained from soy beans This is largely used for soap making also as a salad oil as well as edible purposes such as for frying The meal left over after the extraction of the oil is the richest cattle feeding material known Soy beans have been grown extensively in Manchuria but owing to the present and future difficulty of export from that part of the world its cultivation has been abandoned in that quarter and preparations are being made to grow it extensively in the Transvaal

Removing Stains From Piano Keys.

Piano keys by use will turn yellow. To restore the original whiteness put one ounce of nitric acid in 12 ounces of soft water (pour the acid slowly into the water—do not reverse this or the acid will fly up into your eyes) and apply the liquid to the ivory with a brush taking care that no acid gets on the woodwork. Wash off the acid with a piece of flannel dipped in clean water and wipe with a dry cloth Besides restoring piano keys this same mixture is equally efficacious for cleaning the handles of cutlery and other similar articles — Popular Science Monthly

Too Personal

First Barber—I bet that fellow is a dumb actor

Second Barber—Why?

First Barber—When I asked him if he wanted an egg shampoo he put on his hat and walked right out

"The Fog"

By LOUISE OLIVER

(Copyright, 1918 by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

An east wind was blowing when the Bardsleys awoke on Monday morning Also they had had a few friends in to a late supper Sunday night at which Mrs Bardsley had concocted one of her famous rabbits It was rich and cheesy and Mr Bardsley had had two servings in spite of the doctor's orders about a light diet

So, of course, when Mrs Bardsley asked him at the breakfast table for an increase in her weekly allowance it was not strange that her husband should growl out an unfeeling refusal adding that there was one other thing besides taxation and death and that was a woman's inability to be satisfied

Now Mrs Bardsley had felt her request so justified since Kath had in confidentially added a dollar a week to her own wages the laundryman unashamed charged her twice as much for her husband's shirts and every one from the garbage man to the gas company was politely and delicately picking her pocket that instead of weakly and miserably crying about his refusal she became angry—in fact she got mad clear through for the first time almost since their marriage

"Look here Thomas!" she said crisply biting off each word with a snap that made her husband jump "Will you tell me why you married me—"

"I give up" he retorted "Phonographs are cheaper and this occasion calls for something pleasant"

"—if you can't give me enough to live in peace and comfort without having to worry my head off all the time about money? she finished ignoring his interruption

"Well Lord knows I'm not made of money I've had to dig down in my jeans for so many things lately I'm nearly strapped all the time If you tried you could manage differently"

"How?

"That's up to you, I did let Kath go"

"And do my own work"

"Wouldn't I like you would it?"

"Thomas Bardsley I never did a day's work in my life!"

"Then it's time you were beginning by my admirable example and beginning

Mrs Bardsley rose from the table her eyes flashing dire vengeance Very well Thomas I'll do my own work

Her Head on His Shoulder.

But that doesn't include anybody else remember Where shall I send your things—to the club or a hotel or would you prefer to go back to your mother's?"

Oh send them to the devil" thundered Mr Bardsley jumping for his hat and rushing for the door

"I will" called Mrs Bardsley after him "I just wanted to know his address"

Mr Bardsley proceeded to his office the east wind and shades of Welsh rabbits following Things went wrong all day His stenographer irritated him beyond endurance by refusing to be a mind reader and understanding what he meant to say instead of what he did say when she took dictation

The typewriter seemed to tap fiercely on raw nerve ends, and every time the telephone rang he jumped as though a shell had hit him The east wind had brought more trouble in its wake also besides irritated nerves and domestic discord Since ten o'clock the air had thickened and condensed until mixed with the smoke from mills and furnaces a heavy impenetrable fog first cousin to a regular Londoner had settled down over the city It penetrated buildings hallways and offices until Mr Bardsley could scarcely see his own desk

The result of eye strain nerve strain and indigestion produced slowly but surely the worst headache Mr Bardsley had ever had in his life He stood it until four o'clock then resolved to pull up stakes for home If there was one thing Lillian knew how to do it was to cure headache She was a born nurse As he locked up his desk and gave a few curt directions for the next day, visions of hot water bottles cold cloths with ice, a quiet darkened room and a certain specific of which his wife knew the secret floated before his eyes Then later a hot, delicious broth and Lillian's smooth quiet voice reading the evening papers

Out on the street he groped his way to the curb to call a taxicab He was surprised at the density of the fog He could hear people quite near walking and talking but could see no one.

Then he discovered that no taxis were running Of course, nothing on wheels would venture out in that black destruction through which no light could penetrate more than a foot or so"

In some remarkable way he got to a subway station and finally after a few minutes reached his own station and street and proceeded as before to feel his way blindly to his own house

He hunted familiar iron railings followed walls and groped along hedges until at last he felt the rough bricks of his own house Blindly he stumbled up the steps turned the key in the lock and pushed open the front door

A hollow void suddenly seemed to start up and fairly strike him in the face Although the fog had penetrated inside he could still see clearly enough to know that the hall and adjoining rooms were empty Carpets hangings furniture and all were gone His own breath sounded like thunder in that vast, empty solitude and his footsteps like the explosion of artillery He shivered miserably It dawned on him by degrees that Lillian had meant what she said when she asked where to send his things She certainly had lost no time Then he went to his club

All day long Mrs Bardsley had tried to keep up the white fires of her indignation but failed miserably as the afternoon wore on She had a presentiment that Thomas would come home with one of his headaches Two servings of rabbit always did it Poor man! Away off working his head off in an old stuffy office on such a day with a headache When she had a headache she could lie down! It was ten dollars he said He did have it harder than she did She would take his advice give Kath a week's notice to quit and do her own work Then she started up his dressing gown and slippers found the pillows on the sitting room divan and got things ready on trolls

But six o'clock came half past seven o'clock eight then nine At last it dawned on Mrs Bardsley that Thomas had taken her at her word and gone somewhere else

Where in Bardsley returned Will he be in that way I put it he will so Such I know he found not cold hearted wife when she still hates It nearly saved him from excess

A week passed One evening Mr Bardsley could not resist a longing to see the children who he had been so happy It was a soft starlit evening late in May and a sort of homesickness gripped him There had been no word from Lillian in all those weary days and not desiring a public scandal he had made no efforts to locate her

Ah! There was a light in the window Some one had moved in there—a happy family no doubt as his had once been

He paused his head on a level with the window He could not resist a look within There at the same table he knew the same old light in the same old chair sat Lillian sewing

Of course it was the fog dear" remarked Mrs Bardsley later when her head still on Mr Bardsley's shoulder they were trying to piece together their Chinese puzzle of experiences You must have passed our house and gone to the Smiths They moved out several weeks ago I told you but you'd forgotten"

It all goes to show that rabbits are bad at night and London fogs bad in the daytime but quick tempers are bad things altogether

Champagne for the Trenches.

Champagne is served out to the French army twice a year—on the national fete day on July 14 and at Christmas one bottle to every four men The brands and vintages are not remarkable, but it unquestionably fizzes And even at $1 25 a bottle the bill is a heavy one, so it has occurred to certain taxpayers to direct attention to the enormous stocks of German owned champagne maturing in the Reims cellars

It has been suggested to distribute it among the army, which would please the poilus and reduce Hun competition with French brands after the war

Dehydrating Methods.

Experimental work that will have an important bearing on the problem of feeding troops across the sea will be undertaken by the new department of vital economics of the University of Rochester, New York working in cooperation with the Mechanics Institute This work will involve a study of the best processes for drying vegetables which have been an important part of the army rations especially in places where supplies of fresh vegetables are unavailable

Mourning Substitute

President Woodrow Wilson indorses the idea of those in mourning for deaths of relatives in the service of their country of wearing a black band on the arm with a gilt star for each member of the family lost

BUY WATCHES TO GET GOLD

Ingenious Scheme of Central Empires to Increase Their Supply of the Precious Metal.

It is an oddity of the world war that the jewelry trade is flourishing A secret article in the Revue Suisse d'Exportation of Geneva gives an interesting view of this situation and also suggests a method by which the central empires undoubtedly have increased their gold supply—namely, the importation of gold jewelry to be melted into bullion

In the course of the crisis provoked by the European war we pass from one surprise to another, says the Revue. The belligerent countries one after another, have imposed measures forbidding the importation of luxuries and watches. In spite of all these difficulties the orders particularly for gold watches of medium price are received in increasing numbers by our watchmakers while those for watches of high and low prices are few

The jewelry trade has passed through a prosperous period, which is not set over In fact it is at its height Everything went well so long as there were no abuses, but the time came when jewelry, especially heavy gold chains without much workmanship began to be exported to the Orient High prices were paid for these articles. Gold (fine) in Switzerland is valued at about $720 a kilo (2 2 pounds) and in the Orient, or at Vienna it is quoted at $2,400 per kilo. There is therefore, a considerable margin which allows a large profit to our manufacturers and their agents, also to foreign merchants These articles however, are not all destined for Turkey. A great many of them find their way into the central empires

When steps were taken to check this trade numerous orders for watches with cheap movements in heavy gold cases came flowing into the watchmaking centers These orders were destined for Constantinople The scheme was perfectly apparent, and government authorities took prompt measures to put a stop to the proceeding

HOW BIG GUN WAS FOUND

French Artillery Officers Made Careful Measurements, and the Rest of the Matter Was Easy

Careful measurements of two holes made by a single shell in passing through two awnings in a Paris factory enabled French artillery officers to locate the great German long range gun by a feat of mathematics The two awnings were several feet apart and the position of one to the other gave perfect data on the course which the shell had taken as it approached the earth After the apertures had been measured to the one thousandth part of an inch and the location of the shells fully established the artillery career of the shell became a problem on paper By applying the laws governing the flight of projectiles and allowing for the wind the state of the atmosphere and other considerations, French artillery officers were able to follow back the course of the shell to the mouth of the cannon in the forest of St Gobain after which it was speedily demolished by French artillery

Wisdom of Daylight Saving

Who ever thinks nowadays that the sun is an hour behind the clock? Who ever tells himself it "really is five o'clock" when it is six? We go peaceably to bed when the clock tells us to we arise by the same token, we eat play and work by the Promethean instrument which, for war and common sense purposes, is stealing 60 golden minutes every day from the sun to benefit the human race And nary a vulture of any description is tearing at the clock's vitals for filching the same

Here and there is a little petty thievery such as the beginning of baseball games at 3 30 o'clock that used to begin at three o'clock, but the public is too busy with great work, and at present with the races and golf recreation to worry about that. In general, America is living by the clock as it should do, and the wisdom of the daylight savings law is a thousand times manifest —Louisville Courier Journal.

Italians Save Wood Ashes.

Increased wood burning and scarcity of chemical fertilizers are reported by Consul Haven of Turin to be turning attention in Italy to the saving and collection of wood ashes Of the many constituents, the potash is of importance for fertilizing The potash in wood ash averages 6 to 19 per cent and the quantity per ton of wood ranges from one pound from spruce to 8.31 from oak and 8.6 from elm A ton of wormwood yields 160 93 pounds of potash in 241 73 of ash; fumaria 174 16 pounds of potash in 493.81 of ash.

Camouflage.

Mrs. Styles—You have a wonderful memory for dress, dear.

Mr. Styles—Well, I've seen a lot of it.

"You always seem to remember what I have worn Do you recall what I had on the night you proposed marriage to me?'

"Why, yes; you had a sort of a foolish look on your face"

An Exerciser.

"Do you take exercise regularly?"

"Yes," replied Mr Chuggins "I crank the old silver three or four times daily and repair a tire at least twice a week."

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"OUTWITTING THE HUN"

By

LIEUTENANT PAT O'BRIEN

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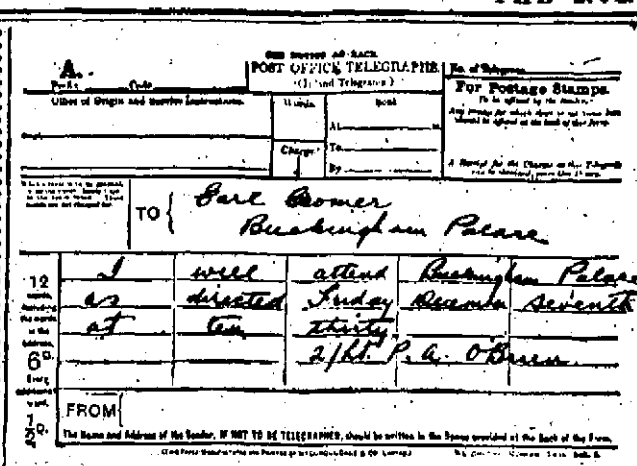
POST OFFICE TELEGRAPH

For Postage Stamps.

TO { Earl Cromer Buckingham Palace

12	I	will	attend	Buckingham Palace
6D.	as	directed	Friday	December seventh
	at	ten	thirty	
			2/Lt. P. A. O'Brien	

FROM

The Name and Address of the Sender, IF NOT TO BE TELEGRAPHED, should be written in the Space provided at the back of the Form.

Lieutenant O'Brien's Answer to Summons of King George.

was all about, and came in and watched while I ate the meal those good Dutch people prepared for me. Ordinarily I suppose I would have been embarrassed with so many people staring at me while I ate as though I were some strange animal that has just been captured, but just then I was too famished to notice or care very much what other people did.

There will always be a warm place in my heart for the Dutch people. I had heard lots of persons say that they were not inclined to help refugees, but my experience did not bear these reports out. They certainly did more for me than I ever expected.

I had a little German money left, but as the value of German money is only about half in Holland, I didn't have enough to pay the fare to Rotterdam, which was my next objective. It was due to the generosity of these people that I was able to reach the British consul as quickly as I did. Some day I hope to return to Holland and repay every single soul who played the part of the good Samaritan to me.

With the money that these people gave me I was able to get a third-class ticket to Rotterdam, and I was glad that I didn't have to travel first-class, for I would have looked as much out of place in a first-class carriage as a Hun would appear in heaven.

That night I slept in the house of my Dutch friends, where they fixed me up most comfortably. In the morning they gave me breakfast and then escorted me to the station.

While I was waiting at the station a crowd gathered round me and soon it seemed as if the whole town had turned out to get a look at me. It was very embarrassing, particularly as I could give them no information regarding the cause of my condition, although, of course, they all knew that I was a refugee from Belgium.

As the train pulled out of the station, the crowd gave a loud cheer and the tears almost came to my eyes as I contrasted in my mind the conduct of this crowd and the one that had gathered at the station in Ghent when I had departed a prisoner en route for the reprisal camp. I breathed a sigh of relief as I thought of that reprisal camp and how fortunate I had really been, despite all my sufferings, to have escaped it. Now, at any rate, I was a free man and I would soon be sending home the joyful news that I had made good my escape!

At Einhoffen two Dutch officers got into the compartment with me. They looked at me with very much disfavor, not knowing, of course, that I was a British officer. My clothes were still pretty much in the condition they were when I crossed the border, although I had been able to scrape off some of the mud I had collected the night before. I had not shaved nor trimmed my beard for many days, and I must have presented a sorry appearance. I could hardly blame them for edging away from me.

The trip from Einhoffen to Rotterdam passed without special incident. At various stations passengers would get in the compartment and, observing my unusual appearance, would endeavor to start a conversation with me. None of them spoke English, however, and they had to use their own imagination as to my identity.

When I arrived at Rotterdam I asked a policeman who stood in front of the station where I could find the British consul, but I could not make him understand. I next applied to a taxicab driver.

"English consul—British consul—American consul—French consul!" I said, hoping that if he didn't understand one he might recognize another.

He eyed me with suspicion and motioned me to get in and drove off. I had no idea where he was taking me, but after a quarter of an hour's ride he brought up in front of the British consul. Never before was I so glad to see the Union Jack!

I beckoned to the chauffeur to go with me up to the office, as I had no money with which to pay him, and when he got to the consulate I told them that if they would pay the taxi fare I would tell them who I was and how I happened to be there.

They knew at once that I was an escaped prisoner, and they readily paid the chauffeur and invited me to give some account of myself.

They treated me most cordially and were intensely interested in the brief account I gave them of my adventures. Word was sent to the consul general and he immediately sent for me. When I went in he shook hands with me, greeting me very heartily and offering me a chair.

He then sat down, screwed a monocle in his eye and viewed me from top to toe. I could see that only good breeding kept him from laughing at the spectacle I presented. I could see he wanted to laugh in the worst way.

"Go ahead and laugh!" I said. "You can't offend me the way I feel this blessed day!" and he needed no second invitation. Incidentally it gave me a chance to laugh at him, for I was about as much amused as he was.

After he had laughed himself about sick he got up and slapped me on the back and invited me to tell him my story.

"Lieutenant," he said when I had concluded, "you can have anything you want. I think your experience entitles you to it."

"Well, consul," I replied, "I would like a bath, a shave, a haircut and some civilized clothes about as badly as a man ever needed them, I suppose, but before that I would like to get a cable off to America to my mother telling her that I am safe and on my way to England!"

The consul gave me the necessary information and I had the satisfaction of knowing before I left the office that the cable, with its good tidings, was on its way to America.

Then he sent for one of the naval men who had been interned there since the beginning of the war and who was able to speak Dutch and told him to take good care of me.

After I had been bathed and shaved and had a haircut I bought some new clothes and had something to eat, and I felt like a new man.

As I walked through the streets of Rotterdam breathing the air of freedom again and realizing that there was no longer any danger of being captured and taken back to prison, it was a wonderful sensation.

I don't believe there will ever be a country that will appear in my eyes quite as good as Holland did then. I had to be somewhat careful, however, because Holland was full of German spies and I knew they would be keen to learn all they possibly could about my escape and my adventures so that the authorities in Belgium could mete out punishment to everyone who was in any respect to blame for it. As I was in Rotterdam only one day, they didn't have very much opportunity to learn anything from me.

The naval officer who accompanied me and acted as interpreter for me introduced me to many other soldiers and sailors who had escaped from Belgium when the Germans took Antwerp, and as they had arrived in Holland in uniform and under arms, the laws of neutrality compelled their internment and they had been there ever since.

The life of a man who is interned in a neutral county, I learned, is anything but satisfactory. He gets one month a year to visit his home. If he lives in England that is not so bad, but if he—happens to live farther away, the time he has to spend with his folks is very short, as the month's leave does not take into consideration the time consumed in traveling to and from Holland.

The possibility of escape from Holland is always there, but the British authorities have an agreement with the Dutch government to send refugees back immediately. In this respect, therefore, the position of a man who is interned is worse than that of a prisoner who, if he does succeed in making his escape, is naturally received with open arms in his native land. Apart from this restraint, however, internment, with all its drawbacks, is a thousand times, yes, a million times, better than being a prisoner of war in Germany.

It seems to me that when the war is over and the men who have been imprisoned in Germany return home, they should be given a bigger and greater reception than the most victorious army that ever marched into a city, for they will have suffered and gone through more than the world will ever be able to understand.

No doubt you will find in the German prison camps one or two fainthearted individuals with a pronounced yellow streak, who voluntarily gave up the struggle and gave up their liberty rather than risk their lives or limbs. These sad cases, however, are, I am sure, extremely few. Nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand of the men fighting in the allied lines would rather be in the front trenches, fighting every day, with all the horrors and all the risks, than be a prisoner of war in Germany, for the men in France have a very keen realization of what that means.

But to return to my day in Rotterdam.

After I was fixed up I returned to the consulate and arrangements were made for my transportation to England at once. Fortunately there was a boat leaving that very night and I was allowed to take passage on it.

Just as we were leaving Rotterdam, the boat I was on rammed our own convoy, one of the destroyers, and injured it so badly that it had to put back to port. It would have been a strange climax to my adventure if the disaster had resulted in the sinking of my boat and I had lost my life while on my way to England after having successfully outwitted the Huns. But my luck was with me to the last, and while the accident resulted in some delay our boat was not seriously damaged and made the trip over in schedule time and without further accident, another destroyer having been assigned to escort us through the danger zone in place of the one which had been put out of commission.

When I arrived in London, the reaction from the strain I had been under for nearly three months immediately became apparent. My nerves were in such a state that it was absolutely impossible for me to cross the street without being in deadly fear of being run over or trampled. I stood at the curb, like an old woman from the country on her first visit to the city, and I would not venture across until some knowing policeman, recognizing my condition, came to my assistance and conveyed me across.

Indeed, there was a great number of English officers at home at all times "getting back their nerves" after a long spell of active service at the front, so that my condition was anything but novel to the London bobbies.

It was not many days, however, before I regained control of myself and felt in first-class shape.

Although the British authorities in Holland had wired my mother from Holland that I was safe and on my way to England, the first thing I did when we landed was to send her a cable myself.

The cable read as follows:

"Mrs. M. J. O'Brien, Momence, Ill., U. S. A.

"Just escaped from Germany. Letter follows."

As I delivered it to the cable dispatcher I could just imagine the exultation with which my mother would receive it and the pride she would feel as she exhibited it among her neighbors and friends.

I could hear the volley of "I told you so's" that greeted her good tidings.

"It would take more than the kaiser to keep Pat in Germany," I could hear one of them saying.

"Knew he'd be back for Christmas, anyway," I could hear another remark.

"I had an idea that Pat and his comrades might spend Christmas in Berlin," I could hear another admitting, "but I did not think any other part of Germany would appeal to him very much."

"Mrs. O'Brien, did Pat write you how many German prisoners he brought back with him?" I could hear still another credulous friend inquiring.

It was all very amusing and gratifying to me and I must confess I felt quite cocky as I walked into the war department to report.

For the next five days I was kept very busy answering questions put to me by the military authorities regarding what I had observed as to conditions in Germany and behind the lines.

What I reported was taken down by a stenographer and made part of the official records, but I did not give them my story in narrative form. The information I was able to give was naturally of interest to various branches of the service, and experts in every line of government work took it in turns to question me. One morning would be devoted, for instance, to answering questions of a military nature—German methods behind the front line trenches, tactics, morale of troops and similar matters. Then the aviation experts would take a whack at me and discuss with me all I had observed of German flying corps methods and equipment. Then, again, the food experts would interrogate me as to what I had learned of food conditions in Germany, Luxembourg and Belgium, and as I had lived pretty close to the ground for the best part of seventy-two days I was able to give them some fairly accurate reports as to actual agricultural conditions, many of the things I told them probably having more significance to them than they had to me.

There were many things I had observed which I have not referred to in these pages because their value to us might be diminished if the Germans knew we were aware of them, but they were all reported to the authorities and it was very gratifying to me to hear that the experts considered some of them of the greatest value.

One of the most amusing incidents of my return occurred when I called at my bankers in London to get my personal effects.

The practice in the Royal Flying corps when a pilot is reported missing is to have two of his comrades assigned to go through his belongings, check them over, destroy anything that it might not be to his interest to preserve, and send the whole business to his banker or his home, as the case may be. Every letter is read through, but their contents is never afterwards discussed or revealed in any way. If the pilot is finally reported dead, his effects are forwarded to his next of kin, but while he is officially only "missing," or is known to be a prisoner of war, they are kept either at the squadron headquarters or sent to his bankers.

In my case as soon as it was learned that I had fallen from the sky, it was assumed that I had been killed and my chum, Paul Raney, and another officer detailed to check over my effects. The list they made and to which they affixed their signatures, as I have previously mentioned, is now in my possession and is one of the most treasured souvenirs of my adventure.

My trunk was sent to Cox & Co. in due course, and now that I was in London I thought I would go and claim it.

When I arrived at the bank I applied to the proper window for my mail and trunk.

"Who are you?" I was asked rather sharply.

"Well, I guess no one has any greater right to Pat O'Brien's effects than I have," I replied, "and I would be obliged to you if you would look them up for me."

"That may be all right, my friend," replied the clerk, "but according to our records Lieutenant O'Brien is a prisoner of war in Germany, and we can't very well turn over his effects to anyone else unless either you present proof that he is dead and that you are his lawful representative, or else deliver to us a properly authenticated order from him to give them to you."

He was very positive about it all, but quite polite, and I thought I would kid him no more.

"Well," I said, "I can't very well present proofs to you that Pat O'Brien is dead, but I will do the best I can to prove to you that he is alive, and if you haven't quite forgotten his signature I guess I can write you out an order that will answer all your requirements and enable you to give me Pat O'Brien's belongings without running any risks," and I scribbled my signature on a scrap of paper and handed it to him.

He looked at me carefully through the latticed window, then jumped down from the high chair and came outside to clasp me by the hand.

"Good heavens, lieutenant!" he exclaimed, as he pumped my hand up and down, "how did you ever get away?" and I had to sit right down and tell him and half a dozen other people in the bank all about my experiences.

I had been in England about five days when I received a telegram which, at first, occasioned me almost as much concern as the unexpected sight of a German spiked helmet had caused me in Belgium. It read as follows:

"Lieut. P. A. O'Brien, Royal Flying Corps, Regent's Palace Hotel, London:

"The king is very glad to hear of your escape from Germany. If you are to be in London on Friday next, December 7th, His majesty will receive you at Buckingham palace at 10:30 a. m. Please acknowledge.

"CROMER."

Of course, there was only one thing to do and that was to obey orders. I was an officer in the army and the king was my commander in chief, I had to go, and so I sat down and sent off the following answer:

"Earl Cromer, Buckingham Palace, London:

"I will attend Buckingham palace as directed, Friday, December 7th, at 10:30.

"LIEUT. PAT O'BRIEN."

In the interval that elapsed, I must confess, the ordeal of calling on the king of England loomed up more dreadfully every day, and I really believed I would rather have spent another day in the empty house in the big city in Belgium or, say, two more days at Courtrai, than to go through what I believed to be in store for me.

Orders were orders, however, and there was no way of getting out of it. As it turned out, it wasn't half as bad as I had feared—on the contrary, it was one of the most agreeable experiences of my life.

CHAPTER XIX.

I Am Presented to the King.

When the dreaded 7th of December arrived, I halted a taxicab and in as matter-of-fact tone of voice as I could command, directed the chauffeur to drive me to Buckingham palace, as though I was paying my regular morning call on the king.

My friends' version of this incident, I have since heard, is that I seated myself in the taxi and leaning through the window said: "Buckingham palace!" whereupon the taxi driver got down, opened the door and exclaimed threateningly:

"If you don't get out quietly and chuck your drunken talk, I'll jolly quick call a bobby, bli' me, if I won't!"

But I can only give my word that nothing of the kind occurred.

When I arrived at the palace gate, the sentry on guard asked me who I was and then let me pass at once up to the front entrance of the palace.

There I was met by an elaborately uniformed and equally elaborately decorated personage who, judging by the long row of medals he wore, must have seen long and distinguished service for the king.

I was relieved of my overcoat, hat and stick and conducted up a long stairway, where I was turned over to another functionary, who led me to the reception room of Earl Cromer, the king's secretary.

Continued next week.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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SHERIDAN GORTON.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. All legal business given prompt attention. Smethport, Pa.

F. D. GALLUP.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's bank, Smethport, Pa.

E. R. MAYO & SONS.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. Office over Grange bank, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, Notary Public.

THOMAS H. MORRISON.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Smethport, Pa. All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

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JOHN CLARK, M. D., C. M.
Office and residence in Clark block, Smethport, Pa. Office hours: 8 to 10 a. m., and 1 to 3 p. m.

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Anderson & Carlson Block.
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FIRE,
LIFE,
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In Good Reliable Companies.

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THE RELIABLE STORE

Now for many years ready to supply harnesses, whips, blankets and robes—all sorts of horse furnishing goods.

Trunks, suit cases, traveling bags—standard leather goods.

SMETHPORT, PA.

Clementine Gaskin
DU FOUR SYSTEM

Try one of my Dry Shampoos at 35. Regular Shampoos with Tonic applie 3 for $1.25.

All combings made up at 50c per o. Du Four Toilet Articles on Sale

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'Phone 147R.

Denning's Market

ALWAYS THE BEST MEATS, POULTRY, FISH, OYSTERS, CHOICE GROCERIES.

OLEO 30c TO 37c POUND.

G. H. DENNING
Smethport, Pa.

Raising chicks is a Standard Colony Brooder is fun—it's so interesting to see the little fluffy things grow. And when they get big enough to care for themselves, how proud and rich you are! The

STANDARD COLONY BROODER
PATENTED

is the greatest, most practical coal-burning brooder ever made, regardless of price. Raises a hundred chicks or a thousand, and the cost is less than 6 cents a day. We guarantee the "Standard" to do all that any other brooder will do, and do it better—and you may write the guarantee! Put down in black and white just what you think a brooder should do and we'll back the "Standard" to do it. Can you ask more than that?

Ask us for a "Book of Proof"—free. Remember—$16 buys the Standard Colony Brooder. Come in and see it.

E. W. STRONG,

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 268, meets on the second Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 p. m. at Masonic hall Main street.
AL. J. HYATT, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 339, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
DR. BURG CHADWICK, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Secretary.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. hall.
R. C. CHASE, C. P.
J. A. SWANSON, S.

IDEAL REBEKAH LODGE, No. 88, meets the 1st and 3rd Monday evenings of each month, at 8 o'clock, in the I. O. O. F. hall.
HATTIE ABBEY, N. G.
RACHEL P. AMSTER, Sec'y.

F. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. hall.
KATE BENDER, Pres.
ANNA O. STARK, Sec'y.

F. of H.—Meets 1st and 3rd Saturdays of each month at 8:00 p. m., in I. O. O. F. hall HENRY J. RICE, M.
ANNA O. STARK, Sec'y.

PHOENIX CHAPTER, NO. 15, O. E. S.—Meets 1st and 3rd Thursday evenings in each month in I. O. O. F. hall.
MRS. GERTRUDE GARLICK, W. M.
W. B. HOPPER, W. P.
MISS RITA DENNING, Secy.

CHURCHES.

M. E. Church—Rev. Arthur Gregson, pastor. Preaching 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school, 11:45 a. m.; Epworth League, 6:45 p. m. Evening service, 7:30. Mid-week prayer and praise service, Wednesday, 8 p. m.

Episcopal — Rev. E. H. Edson rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday school at 12:00 m.

All Saints' Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. R. VanDyke, rector. Divine service and Sunday school every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

Baptist Church of Smethport—Rev. W. P. Wheeler, Pastor. Services: 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 11:45.

St. Elizabeth's Roman Catholic Church—P. J. Donahue, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Swedish Mission Church—Rev. G. Pihlblad, pastor. Services every other Sunday at 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. On alternate Sundays prayer meeting in the evening only. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting Thursday night at 8 o'clock.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

STATE.

Governor—Martin G. Brumbaugh.
State Treasurer—Robert K. Young.
Auditor General—A. W. Powell.
Secy. Internal Affairs—Henry Hpuck.

DISTRICT and COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—Charles H. Rowland, Phillipsburg.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin, Pa.
Members of Assembly—John A. Fitzgibbon, Bradford, Pa.; Frank P. Isherwood, Bradford, Pa.
State Highway Supt.—C. L. Lorah.

COUNTY.

Sheriff—E. W. Jones, Smethport.
Deputy Sheriffs—C. C. Choate, Smethport; J. H. Howe, Bradford.
Prothonotary—B. F. Starsky, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank R. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer — Frank Potter, Kane.
Recorder of Deeds—H. M. Choate.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford; O. S. Gahagan, Mt. Jewett; T. E. Flaherty, Bradford.
Commissioners' Clerk—A. R. Anderson, Clermont.
Register of Wills and Clerk of Orphans' Court—John B. Eastman, Smethport.
Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Jury Commissioners' Clerk — H. D. Otto, Smethport, R. F. D.
Auditors—R. A. Greer, Bradford; J. H. Abbott, Bradford; Frank Burdick, Smethport.
County School Superintendent—C. W. Hillibridge, Smethport.
Asst. County School Superintendent—B. S. Taylor, Bradford.
District Attorney—Thos. B. Wilson, Bradford.
Mercantile Appraiser—F. E. Goodman, Mt. Jewett.
Sealer of Weights and Measures—R. P. Yerdon, Smethport.
County Solicitor—C. W. Shattuck, Smethport.
County Detective—Joseph F. Robinson, Bradford.
County Viewers—Harvey G. Berkhouse, Kane; C. M. Colegrove, Smethport; Dennie Davis, Kane; Griffin Hatfield, Bradford; Edward Martin, Marvindale; Thos. H. Morrison, Smethport; F. M. Webster, Bradford; F. M. Wright, Eldred.
Farm Bureau Supt.—F. S. Crossman.
Supt. County Home—C. O. Taylor.
Probation Officers—Grace E. Cole, J. A. Lindsey.

Borough.

Burgess—Warley Gifford.
Council—C. M. Colegrove pres.; F. H. Biever, secy.; Claude Hackett, B. T. Garlick, W. B. Hopper, J. A. Lindholm, W. H. Hungerford, J. S. Tull.
Justices—R. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove.
School Directors—E. A. Studholme, pres.; G. W. Mitchell, v. pres.; T. H. Morrison, sec'y.; W. F. Specht, treas.; T. F. Hungiville.
Board of Health—Dr. John Clark, sec'y.
Constable—C. B. Dickinson.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—W. A. Burdick.
Auditors—J. Masser, E. W. Strong, F. H. Biever.
Judge of Election—Frank Cummings.
Inspectors of Election—George Barbour, Herman Tull.
Borough Solicitor—E. L. Keenan.

LARABEE

House Was Destroyed by Fire With All Contents.

Dr. J. A. Woodard of Shinglehouse called on his cousin, Eros Carpenter, Wednesday.

Vird Dennis, R. F. D. Carrier on Route 3, has returned home after a visit with friends at Mt. Morris.

John Raszmann autoed to Crosby, Sunday.

E. C. Hibbard is spending a few days in Buffalo.

Mrs. F. A. Moore of Coryville and daughter, Miss Edith Moore of Detroit, Mich., were guests of Mrs. Eros Carpenter, Saturday.

[illegible] Eldred was in [illegible]

[illegible] and Mrs. Joseph Haynes of Sartwell were guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Johnson, Sunday.

Messrs. Cleveland and Hyland of Pierce Brook were business visitors in town, Monday.

Eros Carpenter and Floyd Moore were Olean visitors, Tuesday.

LeRoy Burrows and family have returned to their home here after spending the summer with the former's mother at Jackson Summit.

A house in town owned by Mrs. Ada Young of Smethport and occupied by W. R. Evans and family burned to the ground Saturday night. It was a total loss to the family as there was no insurance on the household goods. The neighbors saved two pigs, a calf and some chickens.

CORYVILLE

Many Attended the Funeral of Albert Gale Sunday.

Miss Mary Moody was a recent guest of Miss Hazel Dehn at Burtville.

Mrs. Lucina Cory is visiting relatives in Portville, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Barton and children of Bradford were visiting Mrs. Barton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Irons for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Volney Washburn were Friday guests of their daughter Mrs. Albert Rice of Larabee.

Mrs. Nancey Pendleton and two children of Oklahoma arrived in town last week Thursday and are guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Miller.

Mrs. L. I. Holmes and children of Bradford are visiting Mrs. E. C. Holmes. L. I. Holmes visited his mother Sunday and Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Moody, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Washburn son Lawrence motored to Hamilton, Can. last Friday and were guests of Rev. S. R. Parrett and family, over Sunday.

Mrs. Marian Trank and son Paul of Eldred visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Fairchild, recently.

O. D. Tuttle and family of Olean, visited relatives here Sunday.

Miss Florence Taylor is in Bradford.

Mr. and Mrs. Tillman Hewitt of Camden, N. J. are visiting the formers cousin, Mrs. Fannie Ireland. Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt were recently married. The young people of town called on them the night they arrived, and let Tillman know they had not forgotten him. He had formerly resided here.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Sparks were in Olean Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Parker were guests of relatives in Bradford, over Sunday.

Mrs. F. A. Moore, and daughter, Edith were week-end visitors of Mrs. E. V. Ellison at Olean. Miss Edith left on Wednesday for Detroit, Mich.

The remains of Albert Gale who was killed by a train at Olean last Wednesday night were brought to the home of his mother Mrs. Sarah Gale, Thursday evening. Funeral was held in the U. B. church Sunday at 1 p. m. Rev. Prosper Miller of Port Allegany, officiating, with burial at Smethport. He leaves two daughters, Mrs. Robert Raymer of Paulsboro, N. J., Mrs. Louis Tanner of Kane. One son, John Gale of Paulsboro, N. J., A step-son, Frank Gale of Galesburg, Ill. His mother, one sister Mrs. Annie Campbell, of Hottleville, Pa. three brothers William of Elmira, N. Y. John of Olean, and Delbert of Coryville; also two nieces, Misses Edith and Etta Campbell, a nephew Lowell Gale of Cuba, N. Y., all who attended the funeral, except William Gale.

Straw Hats.

PANAMAS,
SPLITS,
SENNETS, AND
SOFT STRAW.

REASONABLE PRICES
Considering everything.

Help the Red Cross

H. W. RUBIN & SON

The Reliable Clothiers

Smethport, - - - - Pa.

COURT HOUSE NOTES.

Marriage Licenses.

August 16—Paul W. Jones and Grace M. Weld both of Bradford, Pa.

Aug. 21—Carl Martinsen of Youngstown, Ohio and Albert Pallnquist of Hazelhurst, Pa.

Arlington L. Swart of Bartlesville, Okla., and Clara J. Church of Keating Township, Pa.

Aug. 24—Harold G. Frisby of Cedar Falls, Ia., and Mary V. Dick, of Kearney, Neb.

Aug. 27—James Lilly and Marie Given both of Bradford, Pa.

Aug. 28—Charles R. Orcutt and Emma Kohll both of Olean, N. Y.

Deeds.

Aug 20—Hiram S. Williams and wife to Hiram S. Williams and wife, Bradford, $1.

Lucy J. Kent to Ada Finley, Keating Township, $200.

Aug. 22—Eva Booth Shields, et al. to Albert J. Torres Kane, $1.

David V. Murphy and wife to Forest Producing Company, Foster, $1.

Same to Sarah Foster, $1.

William H. Conklin, et al, to Hugh Newell, Bradford, $1500.

Catherine A. Freeman and husband to Elizabeth A. Potter, Otto Twp., $400.

Aug. 23—A. W. Peterson and wife to Frank Corapi, Kane, $600.

Rebecca Cummings to Mrs. Mary Colligan, Bradford, $1550.

John Nelson-Pratt and wife to Albert T. Bly, Bradford Twp, $1.

Josie Howe and husband to Thomas B. Beakey, Bradford, $600.

August 24—J. C. Johnson to L. J. Lilly, Otto, $100.

Bertha Gabriel to Carl B. Benson, $1.

Mrs. J. Frank Tyler to Frank Sewell, Liberty, $1400.

Aug. 27—Clayton Casler and wife to A. D. Christie, Kane, $800.

John J. Roberts to Grace A. Roberts Ceres, $1.

Margaret Cole, et al. to B. J. Berwald, Bradford $1.

B. J. Berwald and wife to Reuben W. Wright, Bradford, $1.

Satisfaction of Mortgage.

Aug. 20—Commonwealth Trust Company to George W. Reese, et al. Keating, $1000.

L. L. Barnard to Francesco Bodia, Bradford, $525.

Aug 22—Otto Johnson to Elmer Segerlind, Kane, $1200.

Peter H. Bowers to John H. Gillett, Liberty, $1500.

Aug. 23—Thomas L. Kane to Odda Mae Marvin and husband, Kane, $1845.

Lydia Wilson to Augusta E. Russ and husband, Foster, $500.

Aug. 24—Martha A. Robertson to George Huntington, Bradford, $600.

Assignment of Mortgage.

Aug. 27 Ellen McGauley to Robert Cole, Bradford, $400.

MRS. NANCY ADEL WALTERS DEAD.

Sunday morning, August 25, occurred the death of Mrs. Nancy Adel Walters, widow of Augustus A. Walters of Crosby. The end came suddenly, while Mrs. Walters was being taken to Olean by her son, John Walters, she expired in the car before he was able to get her to the shelter and care of a home.

She was about 59 years of age and because of an affliction had not been able to walk or speak for 18 years. She was born within a mile of the house she occupied at the time of her death. Deceased is survived by two sons and two daughters: John Lawrence Walters and Demont Monroe Walters and Mrs. Lucy Bell Lathrope of Crosby, and Mrs. Edyth Lyle Utter of Olean. The surviving family have the sympathy of the community.

The funeral serices were held in Crosby, Monday, the Rev. W. H. Edmunds officiating, and were attended by a large concourse of friends. The remains were laid at rest in Rose Hill cemetery, Smethport.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Complicated, but Easy.

"How do you get your husband to do what he doesn't want to do when you want him to do it?" "That's easy. I make a big fuss over something he has already done which I didn't want him to do or I remind him of something which I have done [illegible] wanted me to do and I didn't [illegible] to do and soon he is doing what I want him to do just as though he wanted to do it all along."—Detroit Free Press.

His Main Prop.

There was a man in our town, supported by his wife; but one day she turned him down—his only prop in life. And when he saw his wife had fled, he started on the run—he had no time to lose, he said—so he copped another one.

Subscribe for the MINER.

A Very Bad Moral

By JANE OSBORN

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Say, there's a new efficiency man and he's some looker," commented the tall brunette in the "beauty parlor" of Reed's dry goods store to the rather shortish, rather blondish young woman who was laying out her manicuring outfit at the table next to the tall brunette's.

Charlotte Day, the rather blonde, rather short, young woman, made no comment.

"Honest, he's stunning," went on her companion. "I saw him when I went up to the stock room for nail files just now. He's the real thing, I'll tell you—none of your namby-pamby, pale-faced door walkers, either. He never worked in a store before. He was a college professor or something and went in for this efficiency stuff. He's going to give some talks on selling and success at noon hour. You don't want to miss 'em. The one today is called: 'Know your customer.' You don't want to miss it—he's certainly a dandy-looking young man."

Charlotte snorted slightly as a short cut to express her lack of interest in the new efficiency man in general and his good looks in particular.

"Say, I'm through with this efficiency dope," she said. "Ever since I came to this place two years ago I've been listening to that kind of thing. The man they had before gave that same idea of 'Know Your Customer.' I was just young enough and foolish enough to take it all in, and I read uplift talks in the paper at night on 'Forging Your Way to the Front.' They all give the same advice. They say if you tend to your little job the best way you know how, why some day you'll be head of your department, or maybe make a hit with somebody and get married to someone who'll appreciate how hard you've worked and everything. Talk about knowing your customers—don't I know every wart on that fat Mrs. Peabody's old face? And don't I know just how many double chins that Armstrong woman has? And talk about being diplomatic—oh, yes, indeed. Mrs. Armstrong, the facial massage does make one dreadfully pale. Not that you would usually need any rouge, but after the massage I'd better put on a little. Oh, I'm sure you don't usually need it.'

"And then this to Mrs. Peabody: 'Just a little of this tonic, Mrs. Peabody. No, indeed, it isn't dye. But this new electric treatment makes the hair look a little dull and you really need a little of this tonic to bring out the natural color of the hair.' And of course she knows and I know that it's straight walnut dye. And that's what I've been doing for two years, kidding them and studying them and saying what they want me to. Where has it got me? Yes, they smile at me and ask for me when they make appointments—but catch them doing anything more. Why, to hear these efficiency men talk you'd think that they were going to ask you home in their limousines and were going to introduce you to their families and get rich husbands for you, or that you were going to be buyer for the department or something. No, indeed," concluded Charlotte, rising and smoothing her diminutive apron, "I'm through. I'm going to act just the way I feel like acting. I have a feeling that it will get me further than the other way."

So Charlotte abandoned her efficiency methods and proceeded to try different tactics. When Mrs. Armstrong came she bluntly announced the presence of an additional chin, and she referred to Mrs. Peabody's hair restorative as dye in a way that made that lady blink with surprise. She told one woman frankly that she was ruining her hair having it waved so often, and another that she would look far better if she didn't get the expensive "transformation" that she was thinking of buying.

Then a well-dressed young man came to have his finger nails manicured, and Charlotte performed her task with none of the customary play of small talk that was calculated to make the customers return.

"How do they look?" asked the man after Charlotte had put on the final high polish.

"If you really want to know," commented Charlotte, thinking only of her resolve to be perfectly frank, "I think they look like fury on a man. The way they were when you came in is the way a man ought to have his nails kept. Now they are shaped and pointed and polished till they look like a woman's. Somehow you're not the sort of man that looks as if he would go in for that sort of thing."

Charlotte noticed the young man's eyes studying her face.

"Still," he said, "it is rather bad business, it seems to me, for you to give that sort of advice. Perhaps you are right, but your game is to get as many customers as you can for your store, isn't it?"

"You talk like one of those efficiency men," commented Charlotte, with a sigh, replacing her implements in neat array on top of the table, and the man hurried away.

Charlotte did not go to the noon-hour talk, although it was the first advantage of the sort that she had missed since her arrival in the store two years before. Instead, she took a walk in as secluded a neighborhood as she could reach within walking distance of the store. She breathed freer and deeper than usual. She really felt, without knowing why, that she had taken a step toward her own emancipation. What if she did lose her job? At least if she did, something might happen—there might be some adventure connected with the next one, and in the rut she had been keeping for two years there was nothing but monotony. She thought of the man she had just manicured. Really he hadn't disliked it because she told him the truth. He had looked at her with interest. She had at least surprised him and that was more than she had ever done to any other customer in two years.

After the lunch hour, when Charlotte was summoned to the office of the new efficiency man, she thought only that perhaps he wanted to see all those who had not attended his talk. She actually did turn a little pale when she realized that he was the same decidedly good-looking young man whose nails she had recently manicured. She noticed that the high polish had been rubbed off. He asked her to take a chair beside his desk, and then he proceeded to give her a little talk on efficiency purely for her own benefit. It was an A, B, C lesson in salesmanship. He assumed that she had never heard anything of the sort before and assured her that if she only plodded ahead in the way he suggested she would reap her reward. Success would be hers—she would work herself out of the rank and file, etc.

Then Charlotte waxed eloquent in reply. In fact, she rose and stood over Mr. Avery Baker's desk and her eyes flashed as she talked to him.

"I'm through with this efficiency game," she announced. "I've been pegging away at it ever since I came, and I'm shampooing the same stupid people and manicuring the same hands and getting the same wages and telling the same lies and hoping the same hopes that I was two years ago. That is, I went on hoping I'd get my reward till this morning I realized that—that there just wasn't any reward. What do you people mean when you talk about forging ahead? Tell me, Mr. Efficiency Man, where is the golden opportunity you're always holding up as an incentive?"

Mr. Avery Baker evaded the question as tactfully as possible and saved his reputation as an expert by assuring Charlotte that her real trouble was that she was a round peg in a square hole. He said he had made a tour of the store that morning and had got his nails manicured not because he cared for high polish—she was really quite right in saying what she did, though it was very bad salesmanship—but to test the work of that department. He had realized that she had the wrong point of view and that is why he had sent for her. Now he knew she had ability and she was no longer to work in the beauty department. She was to be his assistant. She could talk extremely well—that she had just proved—and she could help him in his lessons in salesmanship.

It was only two months later that Avery Baker, after due deliberation, realized that his entire happiness as well as his complete efficiency depended on his marrying Charlotte Day, and Charlotte had in a measure decided that, were the opportunity to arise for her to accept a proposal from Mr. Avery Baker, she would hesitate only long enough for appearances' sake.

"You'll have to admit," laughed Avery, "that I'm some efficiency man. I found you unsuccessful in the beauty parlor and knew right away that you'd double my own efficiency and achieve my complete happiness if you became my life partner."

Charlotte pondered a moment. "Still," she said, "the reward didn't come because I pegged ahead and did my best the way I'd been told. It all began the day I decided I'd break away and forget the efficiency stuff. If I'd gone on as I had for two years I'd be counting Mrs. Armstrong's chins and Mrs. Peabody's warts."

Avery Baker looked quizzically into Charlotte's face. "Perhaps you are right. In your case perhaps it was better to break away. But, Charlotte, dear, from the efficiency man's point of view it is a very unsatisfactory moral for our little romance."

Latin and Hebrew.

For a parallel to Hebrew, which, after having been numbered so very long among the dead languages, is becoming today again a living, spoken tongue, we must turn to Latin, though the analogy is not perfect, it decidedly romantic, in either case. Through all the dreadful days of barbarism in Europe the Roman Catholic church helped to preserve the Latin language from oblivion. When Greek had all but perished from the ken of mankind at large, when even Homer had almost been forgotten, the language of the Caesars still rendered international communication possible.

Expert on Saving.

Millions of persons, according to Freeman Putney, Jr., in the Financial World, decide to save, do it haphazard for a time, then they drop back into careless money habits. They fail because they follow the wrong system.

The wrong way, Mr. Putney points out, is to pay current expenses first and then save what remains. The right way is to make up your mind how much you can save weekly, then lay that amount aside first.

Generous Offer.

My little nephew is fond of remembering his aunts on their birthdays. He did not have enough money saved to buy one of them a gift, so he apologetically said: "Aunt Rose, I am sorry I have not enough money to buy you a present, but I'll come and stay two weeks with you."—Chicago Tribune.

The McKean County Fair

Will Pay Its Premiums in

THRIFT STAMPS

THRIFT STAMPS HELP WIN THE WAR. HELP LICK THE KAISER BY EXHIBITING YOUR BEST AT THE FAIR.

ENTRIES CLOSE SEPTEMBER 6th.

McKEAN COUNTY FAIR,
Smethport, Pa.

Sept. 10, 11, 12 and 13.

CROSBY

Died Very Suddenly—Guests of the Week—Pleasant Surprise.

Mrs. Nancy Walters died on her way to Olean last Sunday, her remains was brought back for burial.

Mrs. Belle Cox, Mrs. Hazel Bloomster and Mrs. Ida Tinnermann were Norwich visitors Tuesday.

Mrs. John Kilcoin and children are guests of Mrs. Elsie Palmatier of Norwich this week.

Mr. Milford Marsh is home for a short time.

Miss Velma Wilcox is a guest of Mrs. Bert Metzgar in Smethport this week.

Mrs. Belle Schlander and children and Miss Florence Smith are in Westfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Zera Cox and son Zera were in Smethport Sunday.

Mr. Duella Gifford was in Smethport Saturday.

Lewis Young and wife went through this place enroute to Keystone.

Mrs. Jennie Stewart is in Hazelhurst.

Mr. Fred Larson was in Smethport last Thursday.

Miss Lena Bard of Betula is the guest of her grand parents, Mr. and Jack Kelly, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Donaldson of Olean, N. Y., was a guest of Mrs. Mahde Wilson.

Rev Plats wife and son Harold Mrs. George Parker and Mrs. Grace Spencer of Port Allegany were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Grinolds Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Larson were Colegrove visitors, Monday.

Mrs. Ida Rexstrew and Mrs. Julia Clark are visiting Mrs. Sara Grover.

The Misses Mable Larson and Lena Bard were callers at E. W. Wilcox Monday evening.

The friends of Mrs. Betsy Sanford gave her a pleasant surprise on her seventy-eight birthday, August 21. Those present were Mrs. Haskel, Mrs. Walter, Hendrickson, Mrs. Lydia Raszmann and children, Mrs. Fred Larson and children, Mrs. Ida Rexstrem and Mrs. Julia Clark.

Mrs. Fred Larson entertained Mrs. Julia Clark of Rixford and Mrs. Ida Rexstrem of Michigan, Mrs. Betsy Sanford and Mrs. Cora Allen of Crosby at dinner, Friday.

Mrs. Herman Kruger and daughter, Helen, were Smethport visitors Friday.

BUSH HILL

Brief Notes From a Busy Neighborhood

Miss Marie Hooley called on Miss Nellie Smith Sunday.

The Misses Cochran and Gonia were calling on friends in this place Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Reynolds and children were Smethport shoppers Saturday evening.

Nellie Smith cleaned the Bush Hill school last Thursday and Friday.

Marian, Florence, Helen and Anna Van Sickles attended the Frees reunion, Sunday in Port Allegany.

Wonder what happened to Rip?

CARD OF THANKS.

We take this opportunity to thank our friends and neighbors and especially Rev. Gregson, for the kindness shown at the funeral of our brother and nephew.

Mrs. J. B. Wood,
Mrs. J. F. Eberspacher.

Mean Rejoinder.

Wife (during the spat)—"I wasn't anxious to marry you. I refused you six times." Hub—"Yes, and then my luck gave out."—Boston Globe.

FARMERS VALLEY

Visitors of the Week—Had Slight Operation— Personals.

Miss Mina Jewell of Buffalo is visiting at A. L. Herzog's.

Miss Winifred Roeder is home after a months absence, which time she spent at Chautauqua Lake.

The Misses Jessie and Viola Pelton are visiting friends in the Valley.

Miss Lillian Renick has one to her home in Butler.

Earl Herzog went through a slight operation for throat and nose trouble He surely talks better.

The week-end visitors at the home of B. W. Richmond were, Mrs. Turner of Williamsport, Mr. and Mrs. Manley Benson of Mansfield, Pa., Mrs. J. W. Sherman and sons, Oscar and Lyle, and daughter, Florence of Mansfield, and Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stull and daughter, Letha of Portville, and Mrs. D. L. Tormey of Smethport.

The Pennsylvania train hit and killed a yearling this Monday morning. We have not yet learned to whom it belonged.

Mrs. Sadie Cook has gone to Port Allegany where she can have the care she so much needs.

Mrs. John Herzog of St. Marys was calling on relatives here Saturday.

Miss Belva Smith of Jamestown, N. Y., is a guest of Miss Helen McClenberg for a few days.

A farewell party was given at the Grange hall last Monday evening for Harry Ferman, who leaves Thursday for Camp Lee, Va., about 50 were present. Lunch was served and an enjoyable time was spent.

Miss Winifred Roeder gave a talk on China at the church on Tuesday night. There was no admission charged but after the lecture a popular subscription was taken for church improvement which amounted to about fifty dollars.

ELDRED

Peculiar Accident to Traveling Man—Interesting Notes.

J. B. Dennis has been appointed tax collector for Eldred township to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late H. J. Doolittle.

W. W. Rouse, traveling salesman, of Sunbury, Pa., met with a peculiar accident, at the St. Elmo hotel, last Sunday night. He had gone to his room and taken a bath. As he was about to get out of the bathtub, having a bath brush in his hand he slipped and fell, throwing the hand holding the brush backwards, he sat down on the brush with his full weight, the handle penetrating his body some six or eight inches. With a Spartan like grit he extricated the brush, and in spite of the pain, dressed and went down stairs. He did not go to supper, and retired early. He must have suffered considerably during the night, for the next morning it was necessary to summond Dr. Meecham, who took nearly a dozen stitches in the wound and sent the man to the hospital at Olean. Here is was found that he was in a dangerous condition but later reports are that he is getting along all right.

George H. Weir, aged 48 years, died at his home in Rixford, Saturday afternoon, following a long illness, of diabetis. Deceased has been a resident of McKean county for 27 years, moving to Rixford, from Bradford, about 17 years ago to engage in the blacksmithing business.

Word has been received that Ray Bernard, Trevore Llewelyn and William Hennigan have arrived in France.

Lloyd Lemmler, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Lemmler, of Eldred, has been appointed sergeant in the officer's training camp at Camp Lee.

The McKean County W. C. T. U. convention will be held in Duke Center September 5 and 6.—Eagle.